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American Foreign Policy, by Edwin Borchard, on page 142

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Pure English

DELIGHT in style as such is rare. Purists seldom enjoy it. They take their pleasures sadly, and can be stirred to real emotion only by a mistake in grammar or a rank colloquialism. The English of professional purists is like the pronunciation of elocutionists; its smooth perfection slips off the understanding. Thoreau preferred the conversation of a wood-chopper to the rhapsodies of nature lovers, and honest lovers of English prefer downright language, even when harsh, to minced and colorless perfection.

Correct English may be very bad English. There is a dressed and formal diction, as colorful as a concrete walk, which children must endure in their text-books. The worst slang is often more expressive than what they have to read. There is the empty suavity of sales-letter English, which plays upon tastes formed by a bad education. And there is editorial and political English, just a little swollen with oratory, just a little seasoned with literature, every sentence hand-made, but as tasteless as a mail-order cake.

A writer who keeps his thoughts commonplace and says only what others have said before him, can master correct English with very little difficulty. Avoid figures, use no phrase that is heard in talk unless it has been seen in print, write always in general terms, keep the vocabulary small, and the grammar simple. Listen to the radio and read a good text-book.

But it is excessively difficult to write pure English. "Pure," in this sense, as elsewhere, has a moral rather than a chemical significance, and implies responsibility for the full meaning of every English word. And what histories can be written of those meanings! The writer of pure English chooses his words with a consciousness of life in every syllable. It is not enough for him that a verb takes the accusative, or that "admire" in a modern dictionary has one very simple meaning. He feels the Latin in his tongue, tastes the rough and concrete Norman or Anglo-Saxon of the monosyllables, knows that "thrill" is a boring upon a bone, remembers the courtliness of courtesy, and in his choice of rhythms lets the sense be reflected in the sound. How else, with such a heritage, can his English be exigent of its own great powers?

We—or our school systems—have manufactured American purists of a particularly objectionable type. Educated by modes of an English style written by men in an environment utterly different from their own, these pedagogues have reduced the parliamentary diction of Macaulay or the precise dignity of George Eliot to an empty correctness. They can imitate only the mechanisms of such styles; the spirit escapes them and they have no vital spirit of their own. The models of American prose have been generally neglected. Emerson's fine rhetoric reinforced by New Englandisms, Thoreau's magnificent terseness, Poe's whip-like sentences, Mark Twain's expressive colloquialism — these writers were closer to our needs, but the staccato of a new prose, the rise and dip from the homely to the tense, the new locutions slipping in from familiar speech, seemed to our purists irregular or inelegant. They are of that breed which preferred Everett's rhetoric to Lincoln's great prose on the day of the Gettysburg address, for Everett spoke in terms that any American nurtured upon Burke and the English historians could recognize as oratory. The purest English of the nineteenth century in the true sense of "pure," is probably to be found in Thoreau's "Walden."

There are two possible ideas of good English. The first is delightfully simple and was phrased with delicious naiveté by the editor of the English *New Statesman,* at the close of an Anglo-American Conference on English held in London in June of 1927. Good English, he said in effect, is English written or spoken by good Englishmen—not Americans, not Canadians, not Scotchmen (the reference was to an editor of The New Oxford Dictionary

(*Continued on next page*)

Apparition

By JEAN BATCHELOR

COLD is the golden moon;
Her fires are dead;
Lost centuries ago
Their glow was shed.
Cold are her craters
And her seas are snow;
There tread no tigers
And no blossoms blow
In field or forest.
Neither wind nor wave
Stirs the long stillness
Of that silent grave.
Look up from swarming earth
And see afar
A world unpopulous—
O happy star!

This Week

"Harriet Martineau."
Reviewed by *Clare Howard.*

"The Invisible Venus."
Reviewed by *Louis Untermeyer.*

"Alexander."
Reviewed by *Charles Alexander Robinson, Jr.*

"Machiavelli, the Florentine."
Reviewed by *Count Carlo Sforza.*

"Destiny Bay."
Reviewed by *Thurston Macauley*

"The Assassin."
Reviewed by *Peador O'Donnell.*

Etiquette.
By *Christopher Morley.*

"The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg."
Reviewed by *Allan Nevins.*

"Gone to Earth."
Reviewed by *Earl A. Aldrich.*

Next Week, or Later

"John Brown's Body."
Reviewed by *Henry Seidel Canby.*

Crime au Naturel*

By HULBERT FOOTNER

THE reason why some readers find the account of a trial the most exciting kind of reading is because such accounts do not try to be exciting. Other readers disdain such matter. It is thrilling, but it is not art. That is just the point. All art except the highest is directed towards an audience whereas these grim dramas are acted out in contemptuous indifference to the spectators. That is what gives them their fearful potency to move. There is a lesson in this for artists. Art is merely a means to an end. When the means becomes the end life departs from it. All of which is to say that in the transcript of a trial you will find a disinterested quality not to be met with elsewhere save in the highest art.

To be sure, trials not being subject to the canons of art, always have their dull places, but these may be modified by judicious editing, and in any case the fanatic for life is content to wade through pages of repetitious stuff and the silly wrangling of lawyers for the sake of the occasional moments of revelation. They are so true, such moments. Nobody has any interest in falsifying them. You can depend upon them as upon scenes that you have lived through yourself—and they are less wearing. The reading of any trial is bound to increase by a little one's store of the knowledge of life.

For these reasons, therefore, one is grateful to the present crime wave in print which has made it desirable for the Messrs. Scribner to institute this new series* of famous trials. One doubts if the horde of readers who are now buying predigested crime fiction will find the same satisfaction in crime *au naturel,* but it would be a good thing if they could. The quality of crime fiction would improve if it were forced to stand comparison with reality. One therefore hopes for the success and the wide circulation of these books.

"The Trial of Patrick Mahon" deals with a case only four years old. It was not a particularly "good" crime because the murderer was a commonplace fellow and a bungler, but the account of it is absorbingly interesting. In the casual way of court proceedings it depicts a sector of English life more vividly than a novel, and a sector which rarely gets into novels at all; the sheik, London species, and his lady friends; life in a furnished bungalow at Eastbourne, an English equivalent of Atlantic City. When the engaging Pat picks up a girl in Richmond on a rainy night, what a flood of light is let in on the whole piteous, sordid man and woman business! Such things are never written about as they are. Later he has her down to the seaside bungalow for a week-end while her predecessor is lying butchered in the next room. A novelist could not deal in such scenes, yet they are true. And Pat's reason for asking the second girl down is the most natural in the world; he couldn't bear to be alone with the corpse!

This precious Pat takes the stand in his own defense, thereby creating what is surely the most dramatic of all situations—especially when the witness is guilty. How plausible he is and how false; how

THE FAMOUS TRIALS SERIES. THE TRIAL OF PATRICK MAHON. By EDGAR WALLACE. THE TRIAL OF PROFESSOR WEBSTER. By GEORGE DILNOT. THE PELTZER CASE. By GÉRARD HARRY. THE MYSTERIOUS MURDER OF MARIA MARTEN. By J. CURTIS. THE TRIAL OF THE DETECTIVES. By GEORGE DILNOT. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1928. $3 per volume.

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he weeps and sentimentalizes in the choicest newspaperese; how thoroughly he enjoys the limelight—don't we all know such a one? When the judge interrupts his self-pleasing flow to say coldly: "We want to know what happened; not what you thought and imagined," one feels like cheering that judge.

Edgar Wallace, the novelist, writes the introduction to this volume. He would be among the first one would think of for the task, but the result is disappointing. What the reader wants in these circumstances is a cold white light on the facts, rather than an emotional glow. In my opinion Mr. Wallace errs in suggesting that Pat was a monster. Surely the most terrifying aspect of the affair is the fact that he was such an ordinary fellow, so like the rest of us. The comely, curly-headed white collar boy grinning out of the frontispiece afflicted me with the purest horror. Good Heavens! If *that* jolly phiz masks a murderer, what of the faces that surround me every day?—what of my own face?

* * *

"The Trial of Professor Webster" is truly described as a classic in the annals of American crime. I suppose nearly everybody has heard of it, especially all who have a doctor in the family. It took place in respectable Boston in 1850. Upon examination of the facts the legendary professor shrinks a good deal. He was not nearly such a fiend as one had been led to suppose. In fact one feels distinctly annoyed that with his facilities (he was a famous chemist with a private laboratory at his command) he didn't make a better job of his murder. Of course if he had, we wouldn't have our classic. The reader drifts into a revery planning out what Professor Webster ought to have done, what he, the reader, would have done in his place. It is a fascinating exercise, this committing murders in the imagination, particularly for mild mannered men. Professor Webster, judging from his portrait, was one of these mild mannered men himself. But backed into a corner, he undertook to hack his way out. Query: would not any of us have done the same? There is terror in the thought.

The Professor bungled his job (as they all did), but the account of it makes an excellent tale. In case the accused did not take the stand, but there was unforgettable janitor who did. The book has admirable introduction by George Dilnot. It is better to read the trial first, and then the introduction which tells you everything you want to know which was not brought out in the evidence.

* * *

In "The Peltzer Case" we have really a first rate murder planned and carried out in masterly fashion. One feels that one could hardly have done better. That it was discovered seems to have been due simply to the fact that murder *will* out. Suspicion fixed itself spontaneously on the guilty man. To give an outline of the story would be to spoil it. All the elements of a powerful drama are present—love, hate, chicanery, self-sacrifice. To this reader it was more exciting than fiction because of the ever present elements of unexpectedness and inexplicability. It is true; it is first-hand stuff; it throws light on certain dark places of the human heart; one has the feeling of an explorer in reading it.

Here a different method has been followed. It is prepared somewhat in the form of a novel being divided into parts and chapters, beginning with a long account of the situation that produced the catastrophe, and ending with a history of the subsequent life of the surviving prisoner. The tedious parts of the trial have been cut, and the whole reduced to narrative form, with the comment as it might be of an intelligent spectator. For the general reader this is undoubtedly the better way, though the confirmed addict may protest that he wants his crime straight, and prefers to indulge his own speculations. However, even he must confess that it has been extremely well done in this case. The author, M. Gérard Harry, is, on the face of it, a man of insight and sympathy, and scrupulously exact. And he has followed this case for forty years! The result is one of the best accounts of a modern crime.

"The Mysterious Murder of Maria Marten" is yet another kind of crime book, being a reprint of a publication of 1828. It was an obvious and commonplace crime, though a great effort has been made by the old writer (one J. Curtis) to embellish it with mystery. His book in the beginning must have been commonplace too, but was well worth reprinting for the sake of the quaint picture of rural England one hundred years ago that it presents, with its village fairs, its javelin men, its puppet shows. But after all, how like us they were with their brash reporters (the one who wrote this book might readily have found a job with Hearst), their sensational preachers, their struggling court-room crowds. For sheer, windy nonsense in reporting a murder trial this book can match the pink or green press of today. Like us at heart they were, but in a different style. Even the lower classes in those days had a vocabulary. The elaborate pious style of their communications makes us smile at first, but finally puts us to sleep. What will they say in 2028 of our newspaper style?

Bill Corder, the murderer in this case, was also a lady-killer—in both senses of the word. Having killed one girl, he inserted an advertisement in a matrimonial paper for another, and fifty-four of the replies are reprinted in an appendix. They afford most curious matter to the student of mankind. One is impressed first of all by their wistfulness and their reasonableness. It is another case of the poor girl in the rain.

Little space remains to speak of "The Trial of the Detectives." This book has not the advantage of a murder to lend it a lurid atmosphere, and is on that account somewhat dryer in tone than the others. But it should not be neglected, because it relates an extraordinarily interesting case. In 1877 four inspectors of Scotland Yard (which included almost all of the principal officers of that time) were put on trial for conspiring with a gang of race-track swindlers, and three of them were sent to prison. All England was aroused by the case. Here is another wonderful cross-section of life at a different period. The best legal talent in the country was engaged. It is delightful to observe them in action.

A Sibyl Anatomized

HARRIET MARTINEAU. An Essay in Comprehension. By THEODORA BOSANQUET. New York: The Chaucer Head. 1927.

Reviewed by CLARE HOWARD

IF the aim of biography be to transmit personality, the richest is that which transmits not only the personality of the bygone celebrity, but that of the living author. Such is this study of Harriet Martineau, where that strenuous and assured Amazon is considered by a subtle and witty spectator, Theodora Bonsanquet. The quality of this biography is rare, and the subject one that needed attention, for though most people know the name of Harriet Martineau, not many could say what were her contributions to society. Seventy-five years ago she wrote a biography explaining herself so copiously that there seemed nothing more to be done; now that nineteenth-century explanations are to this generation utterly deluded, every eminent Victorian has to be presented all over again by some urbane Georgian who can see things coolly. Theodora Bosanquet has given us Harriet Martineau in a beautifully ironic narrative. Who she was, where she flourished, what she wrote, whom she loved and hated, is told rapidly, dispassionately, and with exquisite humor. One is left in no doubt as to what was the value of her writings or as to how her genius compared with that of notable contemporaries like Elizabeth Barrett or Florence Nightingale, but such criticism is implicit.

It suffices to recall that Harriet Martineau was born in 1802, in Norwich, England, of French Huguenot ancestry, of a father who manufactured bombazines, and a clear-headed vigorous mother, the daughter of a wholesale grocer; that Harriet proved to be one of the best pupils of a schoolmaster so ruined by conversion to Unitarianism that he announced himself ready to fill the gaps in his once flourishing school for boys, with girls; that she began to write for *The Monthly Repository* tales "describing with all possible fidelity the aspect and life of the land of the Hebrews"; and later, in a competition offering three prizes for essays designed to convert Catholics, Jews and Mohammedans, respectively, to Unitarianism, she won all three prizes.

Fired by these successes, she conceived the idea of using fiction as a vehicle for instruction in the principles of political economy, a science which had not been formulated long, but which "occupied in the minds of educated Liberals much the same consecrated place as was held a generation later by the hypothesis of Natural Selection and the Survival of the Fittest." Harriet decided to place her talent at the service of the theory of rent and the principle of *laissez-faire* in a number of stories which should combine human interest and economic doctrine so cunningly that no reader could fail to absorb the true faith from every page. Rejections from publishers only hardened her resolution to go up to London and see them, regardless of her mother's protests that Harriet could not think of doing such a thing alone, and in wintry weather. She went: and "though she had no gift for charming men into indulgence" and her sex was nothing but a hindrance, "inspiring real men of business with an instinctive distrust of the plans of the thin, pale, deaf young woman," W. J. Fox, the editor of *The Monthly Repository*, persuaded his brother, a bookseller, to make her an offer—a very low-spirited offer—to publish the tales, provided 500 copies were privately subscribed. Undaunted by the obnoxious condition, and by the report that James Mill thought her plan absurd, she sat up writing the preface to the series of tales until two in the morning, cried till six, and began to send out preliminary circulars at half-past eight. At the end of ten days Fox wrote that he proposed to print a second edition of 5,000 copies at once. The tales were enormously successful.

Her journey to the United States in 1834 gave her renewed triumphs, and she wrote it up in most interesting fashion, speaking for the enfranchisement of women and, unexpectedly, for the abolition of slavery. The account of how she was lured into the ranks of the Abolitionists in Boston is one of the most amusing passages in her book. Boston of 1835 is tenderly evoked.

It was characteristic of Harriet Martineau to be cured by a new idea. Mesmerism and phrenology were just then agitating drawing-rooms. Conscientious men like Hallam bore testimony to the marvels they had witnessed at séances. Bulwer Lytton urged Miss Martineau to employ a somnambule. In "Letters on Mesmerism" (1845) the famous invalid announced to the world the efficacy of this treatment, and proved it by rising from her bed and enjoying ten years of uninterrupted health.

* * *

An unflagging output of Tales, Histories, Letters, and Suggestions showed that the remarkable woman had laid hold of life anew. Not that she had ceased writing during her illness, as "Life in a Sick Room; Essays by an Invalid," can testify. The air of the Lake District, where she lived for the last thirty years of her life, agreed with her. She had a house furnished with gifts and a garden where Wordsworth had himself planted the stone pines.

It was when she had a recurrence of illness in 1855 that she finished her autobiography, though she survived it by twenty-two years. This famous document, though different, of course, in content, is like Cellini's in being boastful, aggressive, and impolite to contemporaries. From it, however, as from this wise biography, rises an image of extraordinary cheer to all faint-hearted travellers. Here was a woman without beauty, wealth, or special genius, who by a clear and strong intellect, which sought and rapidly assimilated information of all sorts, greeted new ideas with enthusiasm, and expressed herself with such clear and passionate conviction that she impressed the whole English-speaking world, and the Czar of Russia also.

Pure English

(*Continued from preceding page*)

present at the Conference), not Irishmen (he meant Bernard Shaw). His editorial was short, but at its close the circle was visibly shrinking. Not North Englishmen, for to an American ear their English differs from the Southern tongue, not Oxford or Cambridge English, for their accents violently disagree, not cockney (one hopes), not parliamentary or London City English certainly! English, it appears, as a logical conclusion, is the language of *The New Statesman*. It was thus that in a geography for children published in the proud, but declining city of Charleston, the Atlantic Ocean was defined as "a body of water into which flow the Ashley and the Cooper Rivers!"

The other possible idea of good English for an American, a Scotchman, or a Londoner, is that his English shall be true, both to its great inheritance, and to the taste and sense and blood and rhythm of life, that are his own.

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"Grandeur in a Grain"

VENUS INVISIBLE. By NATHALIA CRANE. New York: Coward-McCann. 1928.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

THE time has passed when readers, confused by critics, demand to know whether Nathalia Crane is actually a little girl, a côterie, or a hoax. The personal factor, after all, has only a personal not a literary persistence, and publicity has its limits. One is relieved of comparisons with Marjorie Fleming, Hilda Conkling, Pamela Bianco, Barbara Follett. In other words, with her fourth book at the age of fifteen, we cease to be concerned with the child and can concern ourselves wholly with the work.

Examining the latest volume, certain outstanding characteristics must be recognized. There is, first of all, an idiom here, an idiom quite distinct from that of any contemporary. It is a turn of expression at its best in the gravely metaphysical poems which (like "The Vestal") first led to a comparison with Emily Dickinson, at its worst in the continued eccentricity of Nathalia's language. Her vocabulary, though less weird than formerly, is still more than strange; the impulse to ransack the dictionary for rare and obsolete words leads to a profusion of epithets like "latless," "pintle," "fanioned," "nog" and occasional quatrains as bombastic and Chivers-like as:

> Oh, cloudy ords
> Of vaporous velveteen;
> Oh, veruled mists
> Loomed in night's Engadine.

Continuing the faults, one must list a curious sophistication among the defects, a tendency that causes the poet to try to make a lyric out of a current fashion in psychology or a ballad out of a newspaper clipping. Thus she will write a feeble jingle entitled "Freud," a banal set of verses "Foster dies at Bellevue." But Nathalia's worst habit, and one to which she continually yields, is the summoning of mythical figures and prominent personages to back up somewhat less glamorous appellations. Thus, the celebration of Lindbergh (in the prize-winning "Wings of Lead") brings in Homer, David, Richard, Joan, Ephesian Diana, Indra, "the stony wings of Egypt," "the tambourine of Miriam." A pæan to Molly Pitcher evokes Esther, Thermuthis, "Gertrude in the Tallow, Helen of the net." (Since Nathalia never writes a meaningless line, one sees through the obscurity and recognizes the greased channel-swimmer in "Gertrude" and the tennis-player rather than the thousand-ship-launcher in Helen.) The Coney Island road summons Palmyra, the Simplon Pass, the Appian Way, "the stroll Chi-Hoang-Ti planned. . . ." There is scarcely a page of Nathalia's that is not Baedekered with starry names.

So much for the flaws. One might add to them Nathalia's dependence on roses (one critic has suggested she suffers from rose-fever) were it not that several of her finest verses revolve about the flower, and, curiously enough, the rose figures in at least eight of those poems before which any fellow-craftsman must stand with something more than respect. In the midst of "Tadmar," that amazing narrative, Nathalia has inserted this unrhymed song:

> Great is the rose
> Infected by the tomb,
> Yet burgeoning
> Indifferent to death.
>
> Wherein the dawn
> Did stumble to fulfil,
> The rose has told
> In one simplicity
>
> That never life
> Relinquishes a bloom
> But to bestow
> An ancient confidence.
>
> Great is the rose
> That challenges the crypt,
> And quotes milleniums
> Against the grave.

Such lines pass beyond criticism. Not only are the individual figures of startling vigor, but the entire poem has that spiritual assurance which is indescribable, but unmistakable. Cease to question whether the author is a conscious child or an unconscious medium; forget who wrote the phrases. Listen only to the long implications, to the authority of the rose "that challenges the crypt, and quotes milleniums against the grave."

Allowing Nathalia the right to her own mannerisms (and weaknesses)—a liberty we allow every author with a defined style—there are, time and again, whole passages that move with the same rich solemnity as the quoted "Song." Even the less successful poems have breath-taking periods and images for which one can use no less a word than profound. "Flight may fail the doctrines of the eye," "The waterfall retains its destiny," "The seedling's empire waiting to repeat," "An age suspended in an interim," "Leaves . . . have soothed the heart where blunter music failed," "A jade cascade broke into lisping spray," or on a lesser, ironic level, "Surrendered to the orgies of the sob." Here are blank verse lines before which commentary is flat, lines tight in form but boundless in suggestion.

> Within the dark rotunda of the grape,
> Eternity sits fingering a void.

"I sing a song of greatness" another illumination begins, and the poet fashions a catalogue of those things which house "greatness in a grain," a catalogue that a Hodgson might envy with its description of a bee as "the dot that draws a sword"; of the ember in a glowworm "that candle borne by wings."

It remains to say that all the poems are by no means up to this high and serious level. Nathalia

Illustration for the jacket of "Alexander," by Konrad Bercovici

seems to have no apparent standards of taste, no criteria of choice. The first poem in the book is one of the poorest. Half of the others are in the heel-and-toe patter which made "The Janitor's Boy" a popular favorite. She can be fresh and fanciful as in "Uncle Daniel," broadly ballad-like as in "The Bon Homme Richard," awkwardly amateurish as in the pot boiling "The End of Juliet," flat and derivative as in "New Market," lightly macabre as in "March of the Skeletons," briskly impertinent as in "Miss Brooks Makes Request," wholly charming in "The Proposals," where whimsy only enhances a grave conception.

> Said the tiger to the lily,
> Said the viper to the rose:
> Let us marry so our children
> May attain the double pose.
>
> With a feline half a flower,
> With the atar in the asp,
> We could institute a slaughter
> That would make a planet gasp.
>
> But the lily told the tiger
> 'Twas an empty enterprise
> To raise up little half-breeds
> With lanterns in their eyes.
>
> And the rosebud gave her answer
> The while she merely smiled:
> A babe two-fourths a viper
> Would drive a mother wild.
>
> The world is growing gentle,
> But few know what she owes
> To the understanding lily
> And the judgment of the rose.

But it is neither in the flippancies of the present nor in her roll call of the past that Nathalia Crane is important. Three-fourths of "Venus Invisible" may prompt the usual questions: "Is it genuine? Could a child fathom such ideas, execute such technically accomplished verse?" The rarer one-fourth silences the queries. It no longer matters how such things are written. The smaller portion is a distilled and precious communication. Here, beyond cavil or controversy, it is. Take the poetry and be thankful.

Alexander the Great

ALEXANDER. A Romantic Biography. By KONRAD BERCOVICI. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES ALEXANDER ROBINSON, JR.
Brown University

ALEXANDER'S exploits so impressed the world that there gradually grew up about his name legends which were shortly to eclipse the man himself. Few people to-day realize that in the third century of our era these legends and popular tales were collected and given to the world under the false name of Callisthenes and thence were to pass into almost every language from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic — into Latin, Arabic, Hebrew, Ethiopic, early English, French, German, Icelandic, and many others. Each version had its own additions and interpretations to make, until the historic Alexander was almost unrecognizable. As Iskander, he became, in the Persian version, the son of Darius. The Egyptians made him the son of their last pharaoh; the Christians made him a saint; and the Mahommedans, a prophet. His conquests carried him to every land, from India to Italy and England, until, every country subdued, he was forced to seek further worlds to conquer in the air and beneath the sea.

* * *

These fantastic tales have long since passed out of vogue, but perhaps the gap is filled by Bercovici's "Alexander." Not that Bercovici has necessarily based his story on the romance, for, like Plutarch, he has drawn from many sources, good and bad. Rather he has given us a romance of his own. The historic Alexander runs through it all, to be sure, but the final impression is of a man far different from the real Alexander. The reliable judgment of antiquity, for example, is that Alexander did not drink heavily, but attended drinking parties for a real purpose, to fraternize with his men; and yet this book teems with drunken orgies. Again, it has been said that Alexander "is the most signal example perhaps in history of the subjection of the flesh to inordinate pride." Yet Bercovici paints him as a great lover, and almost a puppet in the hands of women. The great Alexander, he would have us believe, is driven on to conquer Persia by his mother Olympias in order that Philip's fame might be erased from the page of history. Also Statira, Darius's haughty daughter, with whom he falls desperately in love, insists that the conqueror of Darius must be the conqueror of the world, and so Alexander sets out for the ends of the earth for the love of a woman. And it may be said parenthetically that in his story of Alexander's conquest Bercovici has omitted Arbela and in other ways sadly altered military events.

Similarly is Alexander dominated, in this book, by a curious set of men. We meet the eunuch Bagoas, who asserts a subtle influence over him; and not much later, one Gamaliel ben Sasra, who for some time thereafter is Alexander's right hand man.

* * *

The real Alexander is a great figure in history. A mere youth, regarding himself as a second Achilles intent on a second Trojan war, he sets out against the mighty Persian empire. His visit to Troy and to Ammon, his purpose in adopting the Persian dress and the practice of prostration, together with the athletic games he held in Asia, are all momentous steps in the history of the world, carefully and deliberately planned by an imaginative mind bent on creating an empire different from any that had yet existed, but this cannot be gleaned from Bercovici. Nor are we told the real significance of the army's mutiny on the Hyphasis, for did not Alexander think that the end of the world was but a few miles farther on and that by continuing he would soon reach Ocean and so establish another boundary to his world empire?

Bercovici's story is certainly interesting, even exciting in places, but one wonders whether truth is not sometimes more interesting than fiction, whether Hogarth's scholarly work, "Philip and Alexander of Macedon," does not make better reading than this "Alexander."

"Rudyard Kipling," says *John O'London's* weekly, "is the latest author to be lured into the film world. He is going to help the Empire Marketing Board to prepare the scenario of a film of general Empire interest."

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Machiavelli

NICOLO MACHIAVELLI THE FLORENTINE. By GIUSEPPE PREZZOLINI. New York: Brentano's. 1928. $3.50.

Reviewed by COUNT CARLO SFORZA

WHY is Machiavelli held in such bad repute by those whose knowledge of him is drawn from "The Prince" and not from familiarity with his entire works? To my mind, for three reasons. First, because, though his most famous work, "The Prince," is still a subject of discussion four centuries after its writing, and—since it is as brief and as captivating as a novel—is still read, it is read by a world that lifts it out of its context of fifteenth and sixteenth century political Italy, and out of relation to the rest of its author's works. Second, because the Roman Church and Protestant literature have united as perhaps they have never united before and never will again in fighting and condemning him,—the former, because Machiavelli, Italian patriot that he was, hated the Holy See as an obstacle to the unity of Italy, and the latter because Machiavelli accepted in his own way the orthodox view of original sin, and so appeared to innocent Protestant souls the very embodiment of Papist wickedness. Finally because it is almost impossible to write about Machiavelli in a serene and dispassionate way. Most books on the great Italian political thinker end, almost unconsciously, by associating him—so alive is he still—with the struggles, political or moral, of their own day.

This is more or less true of these two volumes before me by Prezzolini and Janni which the fourth centennial of Machiavelli's death has called forth. Signor Janni's book is one of the two historico-political books to be written by a non-fascist which have found a publisher in Italy—the other being Croce's "Storia d'Italia." The product of an ex-journalist, it is written in the spirit in which our forefathers wrote history or romance in the days of the Austrian rule, that is with a passion for liberty which betrays itself despite precautions against the censorship. Pathos is in this book as well as in those earlier works.

* * *

Signor Prezzolini certainly cannot be styled a Fascist writer, but even less can he be regarded as an adversary of Fascism, so careful is he to avoid offense to the existing régime. It is to his credit, that anxious as he is not to displease the powers that be, he never yields to that cheap admiration of Machiavelli now in fashion with the journals of Italy. Signor Prezzolini's Florentine shrewdness eschews the half-sentimental, half-utilitarian manner of the papers. It is indeed pathetic and touching in its mental innocence, this tendency of persons of the Fascist type, be they Black Shirts in Italy or Steel Helmets in Germany or Camelots du Roy in France, to proclaim that they are realists—in France and Italy they even call themselves *real-politiker* because they are copying all of Hohenzollern Germany—and to state after a flippant and cursory reading of "The Prince" that they admire the "brutality" or the "cynicism" of Machiavelli. It is these men and their words, especially if they come from Italy, that help to propagate the old myth of a Satanic Machiavelli, the Machiavelli of the "necessary cruelties," of the "arming of our own followers," of "make people believe by force," of "not keeping the given word."

How remote, however, in actuality are these detached sentences from "The Prince," from the deeper and more real Machiavelli as he discloses himself when studied in all his works, and especially in the most profound of them, the "Discorsi!"

No one appears less Machiavellian than Machiavelli does there. If he happened to make the grim statements of the "Prince," it was because it is only the pure in heart that can say what is generally hidden by most men in the depths of their souls. The "Prince" was a complete and serene survey of the political possibilities of the sixteenth century. It cannot be understood, it cannot be judged apart from the period that gave it birth. More than that: with the "Prince," Machiavelli tried to use the schemes and methods in vogue in his time, to have Italy free and united. There was no time to lose, if Italy was not to be enslaved by France or Spain: Machiavelli looked for the remedies at hand—and, of course, the remedies were of the same age as the evils.

The "Prince" was simply a *pamphlet d'actualité*. It is but just to add that the example of great modern nations finding their salvation in themselves, through heroism and endurance in face of common dangers, was outside the experience of Machiavelli's time. There had been no great collective demonstrations of moral force such as, later on, showed in what spirit alone national unity is possible of achievement and lasting success, such, for instance, as the action of the French people when faced by reactionary Europe, and of the Americans in the War of Independence.

Had Machiavelli witnessed events analogous to these, he would probably have written another "Prince." He would have realized that what is necessary to create a great nation is not an individual will dominating a people (the two Bonapartes, with the masters they brought on France, would have been a counterpart to his Valentino); he would have seen that what is necessary is the organic action of many individual wills, united in an ideal of progress for all.

Indeed, this ideal is outlined in many passages of his immortal "Discorsi": but political adventurers—and authors who court them—will always find it easier and more practical to read only the "Prince"—and therefore to misunderstand Machiavelli.

Revolutionary Ireland

THE ASSASSIN. By LIAM O'FLAHERTY. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by PEADOR O'DONNELL

ONE of his Majesty's ministers in Southern Ireland was assassinated on his way to Mass. The assassination stirred Dublin profoundly, the man in the street wondering in a hopeless way whether the shooting was merely the opening of another campaign against the "Treaty," Republicans shrinking from the thought of reprisals such as had occurred a year previously, while here and there a mind searched the philosophy out of which such acts of assassination arise. Liam O'Flaherty was one of those who dipped into the philosophy, and Mr. O'Flaherty found it empty. "The Assassin" reveals O'Flaherty's search, and because assassination is to him a mere waste the story moves grudgingly, without adequate. spiritual impulse or excitement; the characters are generally unhealthy, and finally dissolve. They sweat clammily in their fear and Tumulty alone sparkles on occasion with the fanaticism of the assassin.

The publisher's note rightly states, that Mr. O'Flaherty has sought to examine the idea of political assassination, but makes the mistake of adding that he also swings the forces now in play in revolutionary Irish politics. If Mr. O'Flaherty has led foreign readers into sharing the latter view then that is Mr. O'Flaherty's little joke. Mr. O'Flaherty would not pretend to know anything of Camann Ne M Can of whom Kitty Mellett was supposedly a member and whose executives never met, nor would he claim knowledge of the more significant Irish Revolutionary organization, so that the "facts" Mr. O'Flaherty uses in revealing the forces now in play in Revolutionary Irish politics have no place except in the world of Mr. O'Flaherty's imagination.

Mr. O'Flaherty has a right to furnish the world of his imagination with the facts and the people that he requires to reveal his thoughts on this explosion that occurred in his neighborhood, and he very nearly succeeds in making us give a footing to his characters in the city streets. Almost, but not quite. MacDora fails to reach us as a mind in torture; he is more a pain in Mr. O'Flaherty's mind than a distressed human being.

Kitty Mellett is too like MacDora to convince us that any real depth of passion could bind them. She is a sand-bagged repetition of MacDora. She is clammy as MacDora is clammy, petulant as MacDora is petulant; she staggers on her way to the task before her just as MacDora staggers and minds the simple task of killing an unarmed, however important man, with a medley of doubts and mincing panics.

But the weaknesses of these two characters express Mr. O'Flaherty's feelings on their purpose. The thing they are about to do will mean nothing except the ending of a human life and to the people who are to do it Mr. O'Flaherty refuses to give significance. His triumph would have been great had he succeeded in giving them identity. They almost touch life. It is doubtful whether any person writing in English today could have come so near giving reality to meaningless people to do what he considered a wasteful and meaningless act.

In Tumulty he produces a man whose feet touch the sidewalks. Tumulty is a human being and is the one man of the conspirators who could ever have given us the actual shooting. MacDora, stupid and meaningless, talks incessantly about things that matter nothing, and is saved from the effect of his sickliness and stupidity by the fact that Tumulty is all fired up within himself with the illumination that will light him to the deed that is before him. He is moved by the beauty of the lesser people and sees the county up in a blaze as a result of the assassination. In Tumulty we recognize the visionary who is forever picturing deep reaching explosions following from mild detonations.

The description of the actual shooting is the best chapter in the book and is really powerful. Here Mr. O'Flaherty was not surveying an idea, but touching to life a scene that is convincing and terrible. Mr. O'Flaherty creates this scene under fierce light and it dazzles; and his characters in motion challenge the sickliness of their other days of waiting.

* * *

Has Mr. O'Flaherty succeeded in convincing us that political assassination even in the minds of his characters is empty and meaningless? He has, but he has not convinced us that MacDora and Kitty Mellett could ever have assassinated anybody. Tumulty saves the conspirators from being unreal and if the space devoted to MacDora had been made available to increase knowledge of Tumulty there might be some lingering memory of the story to haunt the mind of the reader. As it is, a desperate deed is done, and we remember the terrific intensity of the moment, but the memory fades away as the insignificant perpetrators of the deep creep off and tremble, and the deed itself loses stature and dissolves until we do not even remember that a man is dead.

But that is the end Mr. O'Flaherty sought, and he achieves it in a novel that is unusual and while not always brilliant never becomes less than puzzling when it ceases to be convincing.

"Lord Haldane's death is the fourth this year in the Order of Merit, following upon those of Mr. Thomas Hardy, Lord Haig, and Sir George Trevelyan," says the London *Observer*. "It also makes a gap among the surviving 'Liberal Imperialists' of a generation ago, who resented the opposition of certain of their party leaders to the South African War. The group was inaugurated at a memorable dinner given to Mr. Asquith, and among those present who still maintain their public activities are Viscount Grey, Lord Reading, Mr. Runciman, Mr. Justice Astbury, and Sir Martin Conway. Perhaps the most surprising name encountered in *The Times* report of the dinner is that of Mr. Sidney Webb. Every schoolboy knows for the moment that Lord Haldane did *not* allude to Germany as his 'spiritual home,' but that is no guarantee that the legend will not crop up again in the by-ways of political literature. Among apocryphal defamations it almost ranks with 'Every man has his price'—from which the late Lord Morley cleared Sir Robert Walpole. False ascriptions are numerous in history, but they generally lean to virtue's side. Washington could not have founded an action for libel upon the story of his axe, nor Wellington on 'Up, Guards, and at 'em!' "

Louis Tracy, author of many novels and detective stories, died recently in England. A journalist by profession, he was a prolific writer of romance, turning out an average of a novel a year. Among his tales was the notable "Wings of the Morning."

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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Men With the Bark On

HOMER IN THE SAGE-BRUSH. By JAMES STEVENS. New York: Knopf. 1928. $2.50.

MR. STEVENS has returned—for his last book was a satirical story of soldiers—overseas—to the people and country he knows best, and with the happiest results. The thirteen tales of this book are divided into three groups: tales of the forest country of western Washington and Oregon, tales of the sage-brush land of eastern Oregon and Idaho, and "idylls of western youth." Mr. Stevens writes of the roughest of Far Western workers; of lumberjacks, bullpunchers, stevedores, freighters, river-cooks, saloonkeepers, and miners. He knows their work, their amusements, their lingo, and their minds. His book is full of the raw stuff of the West, presented in stark, unadorned, unrefined fashion.

The strength of the collection is the strength of close observation and unflinching verity; the weakness is the lack of structure and finish. The tales—Mr. Stevens himself seems to prefer the word "sagas"—are for the most part crudely formed and some are frankly inchoate. Sometimes the author seems to be attempting a genuine short-story, and does not achieve it. But there is a certain fitness in this roughness, for he is writing of men with the bark on, of life that is lousy, dirty, lewd, profane, and toilsome, and of scenes that are utterly primitive. He furnishes us chunks or transcripts from the hard workaday existence of the Northwest, and the book owes something of its effect to its very lack of narrative art. Greater than art is truth. There is truth in the description of a reeking bunkhouse; of two thousand lumbermen hitting it up at Christmas in dance-hall, saloon, and sporting-house; of lines of freighters lurching and stalling in the rain-soaked Shaniko Flat. In his speeches he gives us the very flavor of the Westerner, now simple, now boastful, now ribald. Witness his river cook awakening the galley to action for a boatload of hungry passengers:

"Make way!" roared Spud Hawley. "Make way for the mightiest hot cakes and gravy cook that ever was! Come on, ye hellions, and swab the galley floor! Roll the coal into the range, my hearty second man! You, Arthur, lift the lids and lay the griddles! You, Joe, roll out a fresh barrel of flour! You, Mike, getch the round brown gravy bowls and the long-handle' ladles! I want cans of sweet milk, pitchers of sweet cream, I want shakers of pepper and salt, I want cases of eggs fer richness and a jar of pork-juice fer shortenin'! Grease the griddles, git the gravy kittle to smokin'! Heat up the chiny platters fer stacks of the brownest, crispiest, lightest, flakiest, tastiest hot cakes ever was! Heat up the round brown bowls fer the drippin'est, bubbliest, pepper-specked gravy that ever made a hot-cake lover roll his eyes with joy as he wallered fine breakfast flavors around in his mouth until they descended fer his innards' comfort and peace! *Come on, you men! Let the range fires roar.* Spud Hawley's makin' the reppitation of his life today.

Or, in the quieter, but equally humorous vein, take the irrigation-ditch tender revealing to a sympathetic audience his religious scruples:

You take the Mormons, now, down here in Bannock County. I run water fer them as far back as the seventies, and they treated me fine. Both the Utah and Idyho Mormons is real people, and I been tempted time and again to take three or four wives for myself and settle down among them as a sugar-beet rancher. What has always galled me, though, is tithin'. I'm a free and liberal man and it'd gall me to be tithed as though I couldn't be trusted to be free and liberal. Now, take the Presbyterians. Once I was tempted to settle down in a Pecon Valley Presbyterian settlement, and raise alfalfy and run sheep. But infant damnation stuck in my craw. So I couldn't stand the Presbyterians, though they were fine, fine as they make 'em, outside of infant damnation. Take the Methodists. You don't find 'em any finer than the Methodists. I was tempted many a time in the early days to join the Yuma, Arizoner, Methodist settlement. But I absolutely kicked at the doctrine of sanctification. Take the Christian Advents. . . . . All fine people, mighty fine; but I could never swaller the doctrine that the sperrit is the breath.

Mr. Stevens's report of a half dozen other figures is equally striking and fresh: of the French-Canadian trapper, Johnny Flemmand; of the broken-down old saloonkeeper of Cœur d'Alene, A. P. Carver, whose collection of grisly relics of shootings and lynchings has ceased to draw men to his bar; of the hardshell Baptist elder who sinned and confessed to his congregation; of the gambler Poker Tom Davis, who knew his Homer. When his tales fall into exaggeration, as they sometimes do, Mr. Stevens's effects are weakened. When he draws out the sentimental stops, as in one story of an old head-sawyer in a lumber mill who fought to have his job given to his son, he is weaker still. But for the most part he is restrained and hard-boiled. Even his "idylls" have a stern ironic quality. The best of them, and one of the best stories in the book, shows the mistress of a "parlor-house" telling a naive youngster how she fell in Paris, where (so she romanced) she had been known as the "Queen of the Ate-leears." Mr. Stevens has given us a book full of vivid and unhackneyed reality; he may yet learn to throw his admirable material into an artistic form that will lift his tales indubitably and impressively into the realm of literature.

The bookplate reproduced was made by Dürer for his friend and patron, Willibald Pirckheimer, and is from the Pirckheimer copy of Aldus's first dated book which is now in the Pynson Printers' Library.

A Posthumous Novel

DESTINY BAY. By DONN BYRNE. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by THURSTON MACAULEY

DONN BYRNE, even to himself, was something of a legendary figure. In a foreword to "Hangman's House"—one of his poorest efforts, by the way—he characterized himself as "the last traditional Irish novelist," to whom had fallen the task of writing the last traditional Irish novel. "So the school of Goldsmith and Sterne will pass," he continued—and, perhaps added under his breath, "with myself." However, in the dedication of "The Wind Bloweth"—this, of all his books, is the one I like best to remember him by—he made a better plea when he wrote "whilst doing this, it seemed to me that I was capturing for an instant a beauty that was dying slowly, imperceptibly, but would soon be gone. . . . It is a very pathetic thing to see a literature and a romance die."

With those who have accused Donn Byrne of being a synthetic Irishman I do not agree; that he did his best to keep hidden the fact that he happened to be born in Brooklyn seems evidence enough that he was Irish to the core. (In the British "Who's Who" he is described as an "Irish writer" and no birthplace is given.) In "Messer Marco Polo" he wrote: "Antrim will ever color my own writing. My Fifth Avenue wil have something in it of the heather glen. My people will always have a phrase, a thought, a flash of Scots-Irish mysticism. . . ." And a great point in his favor was his utter disregard of politics. For the purpose of avoiding political matters he took for the time of nearly all his Irish tales some generation long past. In "Destiny Bay," his first posthumous book, he expressed his attitude thus: "He has never yet seen a government that brought heavier apples to the trees or heavier salmon in the rivers or a more purple heather, and for this reason politics mean nothing to him."

Between the covers of this book are some nine stories of varying lengths about the people of Destiny Bay, an unfrequented spot on the north coast of Ireland. With but several exceptions, these tales are already known to periodical readers, having appeared in either *The Saturday Evening Post* or *Pictorial Review*, during the past several years. Whether or not they were written with the idea of some day being published together I do not know, but there is a unity about the book which would make this seem probable. Some of Donn Byrne's finest work has been done for the popular magazines, and it is fortunate, indeed, that they should have been thus rescued from a too early oblivion. In "Destiny Bay" we see Donn Byrne at his best, writing about the things he loved most of all: horse races, prize fights, and, above all, graceful courtships between gallant gentlemen and lovely ladies.

A Civil War Novel

WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE. By HONORÉ WILLSIE MORROW. New York: Morrow. 1928. $2.50.

MRS. MORROW'S second novel upon Lincoln in Washington opens at the beginning of 1863, and closes with the triumphant return of the President from City Point after the fall of Richmond. In these crucial two years the same natural theme serves history and historical fiction: the clash between the President's conservative group and the radicals of Congress and Cabinet. The future of the nation seemed at times to hang on this clash. Determining great events as it did, it also filled the President's household and his private life; for his intimate friend Sumner, a man whom he respected and almost loved, was a convinced radical, and others whom he met on close terms took sides vehemently. Mrs. Morrow, in fact, makes Charles Sumner almost as important a figure in the story as Lincoln himself. Somewhat exaggerating, perhaps, the assiduity with which he made himself at home in the White House, she revolves her tremendous panorama about his and Lincoln's private friendship and public antagonism.

* * *

In her brisk, realistic way, with a constant play of incident, with nearly every page full of colloquial speech, and with great characters introduced in their informal and sometimes ungirt aspect, Mrs. Morrow ably presents a surface impression of truth. As a surface impression, it may even be called admirable. The general reader will find the Washington of 1863-64 brought more vividly before his eye than in almost any history or biography. The special student will find his imagination stimulated, and in addition, some important facts brought home to his consciousness—for Mrs. Morrow has given devoted study to an enormous amount of Lincoln literature. Much of the effect is gained, and legitimately, from that mixture of the important and the trivial which made up life even for President Lincoln, and which we fail to find in histories which strain out the unimportant. On one page is Lincoln reading to a crowd in Lafayette Square the news of Lee's retreat after Gettysburg; on the next is Lincoln bantering John Hay upon the failure of his attempted flirtation with Kate Chase. Here is Tad weeping over some sudden reminder of his dead brother Willie; here are Lincoln, Hannibal Hamlin, and Frederick Douglass talking over the results of emancipation. One chapter shows Sumner at fifty paying court to Alice Hooper; another Ben Wade telling Sumner of Trumbull's desertion of the radicals' cause to support the President. Lizzie Keckley, Mrs. Lincoln's confidential maid, figures as prominently at one point as Andrew Johnson, drunk while reciting his inaugural address, does at another.

* * *

It is an effective and vigorous book; more effective than its predecessor, "Forever Free," because the plot is more simple and natural throughout. It helps to humanize a great era of American history. But it is not unfair, since the boldness of the theme challenges comparison with the really great historical novels, to say that it lacks the profounder elements of truth. Mrs. Morrow's Lincoln is a natural and human man, but he is even a bit too natural and understandable. There is a want of psychological subtlety, of which he had a great deal; there is no depth of novelty of interpretation. The same may be said of the portraits of some of the other great figures, notably Stanton and Sumner. In rendering an impression of the war, of Congress, of public opinion, and of the vast complex of forces which we think of in connection of the period, Mrs. Morrow oversimplifies. Everything is in the foreground, and little is suggested of the vast lowering background. The book, in short, is excellent in two dimensions, slights the third dimension somewhat, and has none at all of that fourth dimension which a genius would somehow give to his creation of time, place, and human beings. But it is warranted praise to say that it is a book which every American who desires an accurate, spirited, and stimulating picture of the outward aspects of the Civil War, will find interesting and enlightening.

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The Bowling Green

Etiquette*

SCENE: *The shore of a tropical island. Jungle behind. Glimpse of sea at L. Leading Lady and 1st Heavy, both in shreds of tattered clothing, are stretched on the sand. Heavy has a flying helmet, both wear life-preserver jackets such as you find in the staterooms of ocean liners. We are to imagine they are the sole survivors of an airplane disaster and have floated ashore. Leading Lady is supposed to be the author of a famous work on Etiquette.*

HEAVY (*comes to, sits up, looks about blankly*) Well, we got ashore anyhow. Only two of us. (*Approaches her prostrate form*) Oh my God, it's Mrs. Rolls. What a situation for the author of the Dictionary of Etiquette. She'd be happier dead.—Maybe she *is* dead? (*Hesitates bashfully whether to touch the lady*) I suppose I could feel her pulse? You don't like to take liberties with these Park Avenue people. (*Gingerly feels her ankle*) No sign of life there. (*Chafes her feet*) Her extremities are cold. I'd better try farther up town. (*Takes her hands and claps them together*) No, that seems too much like applause. (*Tries to put his hand on her heart to see if it's beating.*)

(*She sits up*)

L. L. Here, what are you doing?

HEAVY (*takes off his helmet politely*) I was rubbing your extremities—

L. L. Those aren't my extremities.

HEAVY. Are you all right?

L. L. All right? Don't be absurd. I shall *never* get the salt out of my hair. (*Looks about*) Good heavens, where are we? Bronx Park?

HEAVY. I'm sorry, Mrs. Rolls, I don't know exactly. The plane went smash and we had to float ashore. Somewhere in the South Pacific.

L. L. I knew if the travel bureaus ran these round-the-world flights with such mixed company, something would happen. Gracious, what a looking country. I fancy there's not a serviette in the place.

HEAVY. I don't even know if it's inhabited.

L. L. (*looking out to sea*) How very lugubrious. All that water and no bath crystals.

HEAVY. I have a notion it may be one of the Society Islands.

L. L. Oh well then, it can't be so bad. See if you can find my bag anywhere. I had it with me in the water.

(*He slips off his life-jacket, which she puts over her bare knees. She watches him while he looks about*)

I remember him now. A nice man but a terrible dancer. If I had to be lost on a desert island why couldn't it be with Arthur Murray?

He discovers her small dressing case behind a rock on the beach; it has a tiny life-preserver round it. She takes out of it an apparently endless assortment of objects—lipstick, compact, mirror, hair-brush, perfume spray, patent lighter, cigarette case, engagement book, fountain pen, flask, etc.)

HEAVY. Gosh, that's a swell camping kit you've got.

L. L. Well, you never know what'll happen. Everyone has to go below 14th Street once in a while.

(*She begins ordering her toilet*)

I don't believe in women offering men drinks in public places, but I'll put the flask down here and if you want a Robinson Crusoe cocktail, help yourself. It's very important for a gentlewoman to keep up all the little formalities.

(*Heavy takes a drink, rummages in his pocket for cigarettes, finds them all wet. She silently puts cigarette case within his reach, he takes one, and then takes the lighter which she also pushes toward him. It does not work. He gazes disconsolately at the unlit fag.*)

Wonderful things, those lighters. They're as good as fire insurance.

HEAVY (*suddenly, with an intent look past her*) Sit still! Don't move!

(*He seizes a stick of wood and aims a fierce blow just behind her; then picks up a large beautifully mottled snake.*)

Gosh, another second he'd have bitten you.

L. L. (*quite unterrified*) Nonsense I've seen lots of people in night clubs who were much more dangerous than that. What a gorgeous pair of slippers he'll make. By the way (*looks at her engagement book*) you know I've absolutely got to be back on Long Island by the 18th. The Prince of Wales is coming over again and I've promised to help entertain him. Those dear people will be in a dreadful stew if I'm not there to tell them how to set the table. You know, the last time the Prince was over, they served corn on the cob, the Prince didn't know how to eat it, no one dared tell him, and the butler swooned with excitement. He was found dead in bed with Angina Pectoris.

HEAVY. Good Lord, what a scandal. How did Angina get into a house like that?

L. L. I don't suppose you have any sunburn cream with you? I'm afraid this exposure is going to be very deleterious for the skin.

HEAVY. There's some useful-looking foliage up there, perhaps that'll help.

(*He goes upstage and picks some fronds of palms, ferns and other vegetation*)

L. L. (*continuing her toilet*) The powder seems to be all right, but the lipstick's a bit jammy. (*Takes out a packet of double envelopes containing engraved cards, which are evidently invitations*) These things simply must be answered. I suppose I shall have to regret— Are you good at taking dictation? I'm quite helpless without my secretary. I dare say she's perished, poor thing.

(*He comes down with foliage*)

Here, that flat stone will do nicely as an escritoire.

(*She hands him notepaper and fountain pen*)

HEAVY. But Mrs. Rolls, you don't seem to understand. We're on a desert island, there's no way of mailing letters.

L. L. My dear man, a social obligation is imperative. Doesn't matter if we can't mail them, I shall feel better when they're answered.

(*While she arranges foliage about herself, she dictates*)

Mrs. Camille Rolls regrets . . .

HEAVY. How do you spell Camille?

L. L. The usual way. I was Camille Faut before my marriage. . . . Mrs. Camille Rolls regrets that unavoidable absence from town prevents her accepting Mrs. Sherry Netherland's kind invitation (*breaks off*) . . . Is it my imagination, or do I hear voices?

HEAVY (*springs to his feet*) Cheese it! I believe— (*looks off through the jungle*)

L. L. It's very odd. A sort of reiterated chirping and babbling and giggling—I've heard just the same kind of thing at the Junior League.

HEAVY. You're right! Ssssh! It's a lot of girls . . . they're having some sort of ceremony—

(*A sound of feminine voices off, and distant drums*)

For God's sake, keep out of sight. There are men too, they may be savages.

L. L. Nonsense! I'm not afraid of men. You does my dress look? Can you see through it?

(*As you can hardly do anything else, the question is rather comic. She gathers together her odds and ends and stands waiting with the air of a gracious hostess presiding at a reception. The feminine voices and sound of drums come nearer. Enter up R a band of gorgeous brown-skinned damsels dressed in scant grass kilts, escorting one of their number who is evidently the center of interest for she is wreathed and garlanded in flowers. They are all chattering and laughing together, but scream and halt in amazed silence when they see the strangers. Two of them are carrying a bowl or censer in which a fire is burning.*

Mrs. Rolls, with her well-known social tact, immediately takes charge of the situation.)

L. L. How do you do, my dears! So sweet of you to come.

HEAVY (*making a low bow*) Do you speak English?

1ST GIRL. (*in a soft Polynesian accent*) Ver' small. Mission man tell us Engrish palaver.

2ND GIRL. Mission man come here to make us wear cloze. We kill him.

(*They all laugh gaily*)

HEAVY. Well, I wouldn't make you do anything as silly as that. I think you're pretty nice the way you are.

(*With great satisfaction he lights his cigarette at their bowl of fire*)

3RD GIRL. Whom are you?

L. L. Not *whom*, my dear, *who*. It's just those little slips that give one away.

4TH GIRL. You here for wedding?

L. L. What, a wedding? This is wonderful.

1ST GIRL. (*pointing to girl in center*) See eager bride!

BRIDE. You ask my father, he tell you. (*points off*)

HEAVY. I'll go and try to square ourselves with the men. (*exit up R*)

L. L. Well girls, this is delightful. I always say that a gentlewoman can make herself respected no matter in what surroundings.

(*The girls sit down around her, giggling, and poking her with curiosity. They are particularly interested in the padded life-preserver, which they consider to be part of her person.*)

2ND GIRL. You nice and soft. Shape like my mother.

3RD GIRL. Before wedding, girls always come away by selves for private chatter.

L. L. Quite correct. The bridesmaids' lunch party.

BRIDE. Bridegroom he give party too for *his* friends. All drunk.

L. L. Why really, I had no idea you were so civilized.

4TH GIRL. Some of us married already, tell *her* after she married everything easy—

5TH GIRL. By time she learn different, too late to say hell.

1ST GIRL. So she tell same story to other girls.

(*They all giggle joyously*)

L. L. Well I don't believe I can teach you children much. But you know, darling (*to the bride*) I don't think it's wise to be married like that. I think you ought to have more clothes. You must'nt invest all your capital at once.

2ND GIRL. This cold weather, we got all our winter cloze on.

BRIDE. (*Admiring the life-preserver jacket.*) I like wear bosom like yours.

L. L. Good idea. (*Takes Heavy's life-jacket and puts it on her, all the others applaud.*) Now I want to see this wedding go off without a hitch. Are your announcements all ready to send out?

3RD GIRL. Her father give big feast.

4TH GIRL. Always something very good to eat.

(*They look at each other knowingly and giggle*)

L. L. Yes, a formal dinner. Of course you ought to have flat silver for that. I hope I'm invited, I'm fearfully hungry. Now I think we must have a veil—

(*She manages to detach something from her own raiment and affixes it to the bride's head to serve as a veil, together with the flying helmet*)

These skirts would seem a bit short at St. Thomas's, but I suppose in this climate—Now is your trousseau all ready?

(*They look inquiringly at her*)

What you wear on your honeymoon.

(*Still they don't understand*)

Well, what do you do after you're married?

1ST GIRL (*with a bright gaze of intelligence*) All go in swimming, each woman chase some other woman's husband.

L. L. Why these people are absolutely contemporary. But I mean your lingerie, your underthings—

2ND GIRL. Underthings?

L. L. Things you wear underneath.

3RD GIRL. Underneath what?

4TH GIRL (*displaying her skirt*) Underneath this, just Me.

L. L. I see, a kind of singlette. Well, what do you wear at night?

1ST GIRL (*proudly*) Oh, we got lots of those. (*They open a basket of woven grass and display several small nosegays of flowers.*) Wear one on each ear.

L. L. I should be afraid they'd fall off.

(*They have been looking curiously at the toilet articles in the dressing case*)

BRIDE. Funny things.

L. L. I'll show you (*shoots spray of perfume from atomizer, they all squeal and applaud. L. L. powders the bride's nose, applies lipstick and rouge and otherwise adorns her while the girls dance*

(*Continued on next page*)

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Two Worlds

THE STRANGE CASE OF MISS ANNIE SPRAGG. By Louis Bromfield. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by Allan Nevins

MR. BROMFIELD'S ingenious and amusing tale relies largely for its effect upon the element of incongruity. A stranger medley of characters and scenes it would be hard to place in a short volume: the Rev. Cyrus Spragg, prophet of the temple of New Jerusalem, Nebraska, the Princess D'Orobelli of the highest (and loosest) Italian social circles, Mr. Augustus John Winnery, the English pedant laboring on his book "Miracles and Other Natural Phenomena," Shamus Bosansky, the drunken railroad man of Winnebago Falls, Iowa, Sister Annunziata of Brinöe, Italy, Miss Fosdick, the browbeaten English companion—these are typical persons of the humorous drama. The action shifts from Mid-Western prairies to Italian palaces, boarding-houses, and convents. The whole narrative is an extravaganza, but behind its merry effectiveness lies a serious and philosophical view of the vagaries of human nature. Doubtless many readers will take it for a piece of lighthearted foolery, but it is something more than that; it is an able exposition of some interesting phases of human credulity, selfishness, and impulsiveness.

* * *

Miss Annie Spragg—the name was obviously chosen to heighten the incongruities of her situation—dies penniless in a rooming-house or "palazzo" of hot Brinöe, with no friends and few acquaintances outside the shabby-genteel English people who live there because living is cheap. On her body are found the stigmata of the crucifixion, scarred hands and brow and pierced side; and the nun called to attend her faints as she believes she sees a blinding light and a vision of St. Francis amid his birds. Her "strange case" is then unfolded to us through the researches of the amiable and elderly Augustus John Winnery, who is something of a strange case himself. She turns out to be the daughter of Cyrus Spragg, "prophet" of pioneer days, who scattered illegitimate children over the Middle West as he proselytized for converts to his New Jerusalem, and who came to a violent end. She is also the sister of the Rev. Uriah Spragg, a religious fanatic who maltreated her brutally, chaining her up at night till he, too, was murdered. From the fragmentary records of her past float up dark tales of her devotion to the Black Arts, her practice of rites which (had her Western community known the word) would have been called Dionysian, and of her return at dawn from Meeker's Gulch accompanied by a black he-goat. Italy became her refuge after the murder of her brother, and the miraculous stigmata are merely the scars of her brother's brutal abuse.

* * *

This central theme Mr. Bromfield garnishes, in a rather gayly irresponsible way, with half a dozen little subsidiary narratives. There is the story of Augustus John Winnery himself, with his mountain of notes for a book that will never be completed, and his belated romance with the browbeaten Miss Fosdick. There is the story of his sudden inheritance which made this romance possible; a story which involves two truly Dickensian characters of London, his rich uncle Horace Winnery, and his Aunt Bessie, who had begun life as the coarse but blooming bar-maid of the Pot and Pie public-house. On a higher level we encounter the Princess D'Orobelli, who whisks in and out of Brinöe with her train of lovers, chief among them that dignified pillar of the church, Father d'Astier—"a tall handsome man with intense black eyes, a fine nose, and a splendid rather sensual mouth, a figure at sixty possessed of great vigor and distinction." In the Iowa background are a set of farmers, rather indistinct, and of Irish railwaymen and their wives; including one Shamus Bosansky who is in some mysterious way connected with Annie Spragg, and who dies in a Western storm at the same hour that she dies in Brinöe. In the Italian background are a more interesting set of vulgar souls, the chief being Signora Bardelli, janitress of the house where Miss Spragg ends her days. Capitalizing the "miracle" seen by Sister Annunziata, the enterprising janitress hires out the death-bed at five lire a night to women of the region who wish a sure cure for barrenness.

Mr. Bromfield has given us an extravagant and diverting tale, which we may surmise served as a diversion after the heavier labors of "Possession" and "A Good Woman," and which perhaps shows the influence of Aldous Huxley. Light and dexterous as is its touch, it is never hilarious, and its best humor is of that dry sort which gives rise at most to a quiet chuckle. It is part of this humor that it closes upon a note of partial mystification. The strange case of Annie Spragg is explained in most of its aspects, but how does one explain the fact that the rather shocking statue of a devotee of Priapus dug up in the yard of the Villa Leonardo at Brinöe has a face precisely like that of the daguerreotype portrait of the Prophet Cyrus Spragg of Winnebago Falls? Thus to the end Mr. Bromfield maintains his mixture of opposing worlds, the ancient and the modern, the Old World and the New World, the world of high life and that of low life, of the mysterious and the realistic.

The Bowling Green

(*Continued from preceding page*)

merrily round them. Sound of drum and shouting off)

Bride. My father come now for wedding feast.

(*A fine-looking savage chief with retinue of warriors enters up R. Two men carry a huge steaming cooking-pot on a pole, others carry large knives, wooden bowls, baskets of fruit. The girls call out to the chief in unintelligible lingo.*)

1st Girl (*pointing to L. L.*) Ho ailya inatoko papalatchi oki!

2nd Girl. Kunalatchi elelyo ho togaiya moana!

Bride. That my father.

(*The Chief advances solemnly, scrutinizes the decoration Mrs. Rolls has done on his daughter's face*)

L. L. (*extending her hand*) How do you do! Forgive this intrusion, but I never can resist a wedding.

(*Chief indicates by signs that he wants his own face made up, which she proceeds to do.*)

Have you seen my friend? He went to meet you.

Chief. He be here for dinner.

(*As she lipsticks and powders him, the girls and young men arrange bowls and fruit and flowers in a circle around the cooking pot*)

L. L. Something smells awfully good. I know it's not manners, Chief, but I'm just ravenous. Now about the formal dinner, of course you'll want place cards. Here, Bride (*giving her the pile of invitation cards*) put one of these at each place. I wonder which is the bridegroom. They all look terribly masculine, regular subway guards.

Chief. Old savage custom, paint face before feast.

(*Two of the men keep stirring the pot, from which steam is rising. The others all pair off in couples, marching gravely round the pot, looking curiously at Mrs. Rolls, and intoning a refrain with gradually rising cadence, which sounds like:—*

Ailya inatoko ho!)

L. L. Of course I always say that a woman of good taste is welcome in any surroundings, but these people *are* rather intimidating.

Chief. You woman of good taste? Come! (*Takes her by the arm*)

L. L. It would be more polite if you gave me your *right* arm, but under the circumstances . . .

(*The Chief leads her toward the pot. She tries to hang back*)

Thank you so much, I think I'd rather not. The smell of cooking always gives me a headache. Now don't be absurd, Chief, I know it's just your high spirits. . . . You need me here, suppose someone should drop a fork, they wouldn't know whether to pick it up or not. . . .

(*One of the men dives a large fork into the pot and brings up a well-cooked joint that looks unpleasantly like a human foot. Great applause from all the banqueters.*)

L. L. (*resuming her accustomed poise*) Oh very well. A gentlewoman is always dignified. If that's what was going to happen, I'm glad it wasn't Arthur Murray . . .

(*And as they push her toward the pot, she remarks:—*)

Please tell the Prince, Mrs. Camille Rolls sincerely regrets that an unavoidable . . .

Curtain

Christopher Morley.

The Land of Body's Desire

GONE TO EARTH. By Mary Webb. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1928 (1917). $2.50.

Reviewed by Earl A. Aldrich

IN the fortunes of Mary Webb there is something to justify the romantics in their lament for the *poète maudit*. For here is an author whose work was neglected except by the few till after she was dead. John Buchan and James Barrie, not to mention a prime minister of England, praised her living, but the first two asserted that she was ignored. She is only now receiving notice, too late for her own pleasure. Her books, copyrighted and published in both England and America ten years or more ago, are being reprinted on both sides of the Atlantic. In this tardy recognition her admirers doubtless see both irony and a lagging justice, and they are doubtless right. Ten years and more ago these books were ahead of the mode, apparently in England and certainly in the United States. In neither country could there have been many with sufficient detachment of spirit to read and enjoy them. To-day they seem most current, with their conscious primitivism, their vivid local color, their lovely description, and their absorption in the study of passion.

Though "Gone to Earth," according to the legend on the dust-cover, is a novel of "Wild Wales," the reader must not expect anything in the manner of Borrow. Nothing could be less like his earthy roads, his matter-of-fact inns, and his geological mountains than Mary Webb's gardens of scented arabis and humming bees or her ghost-haunted spinneys. Nothing, again, could be less like Borrow's sturdy and racy peasants than these faery-taken creatures, Hazel and her crass but ecstatic father. To find Hazel's equal one must go to the Irish of Yeats; indeed, the bride in "The Land o' Heart's Desire" is precisely such a sprite as this Welsh lass.

* * *

In Hazel, too, the demands of the body are not yet awake. Her love is centered on songs, on flowers, and on all helpless living things. In this, however, she is not true to the peasant type, and the other characters are no more typical than she; in fact, they do not belong to the peasantry at all, nor are they essentially Welsh, or even rustic. The squire, whose masculinity rouses her to passion and brings about her seduction, is thoroughly English, and belongs to the gentry. He is another Carver Doone tamed to the plough. The local preacher, her husband, who is set off against them both and whose mistaken abstention from the physical side of marriage leaves Hazel to the lust of the squire, is only a figment of the brain. All, including Hazel, are vehicles for the author's analysis of the reproductive instinct as it appears in its various guises. She herself never sees it as mere lust: always it rises with her to the human. But never does it become more than passion; in spite of a determined effort on her part it never becomes love. Her analysis of passion, it is true, shows considerable insight, though the effort of a woman to get so completely inside the skin of a man involves a danger of mawkishness from which "Gone to Earth" is not completely free. Moreover, Hazel's oscillation between her preacher-husband and the squire, and the former's acceptance of it, exceed credibility.

* * *

Hence the extravagant wager of such an admirer as Miss Rebecca West, that Mary Webb "is going to be the most distinguished writer of our generation," is not likely to be realized. Passion, though to-day an all-important motive in fiction, is not the only one by which readers are drawn, nor can it unaided furnish sufficient matter for a satisfying novel. Setting, in the making of which Mary Webb excels, is helpful, but that also is not enough. A novel, to make the author the most distinguished in a generation, must have more than these. Had Mary Webb designed a larger canvas, had she thought of characters moved by other feelings than those of sex, her books would have been better written novels and less ephemeral. In his loathing for the squire's animality the preacher-husband exclaimed to him, "You are not a man. You are nothing but sex organs." Unhappily none of the characters is much more, and for this reason, if for no other, the recrudescence of "Gone to Earth" is likely to end with the mode which it was so unlucky as to anticipate.

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American Foreign Policy,

FOR a country whose foreign policies are on the whole directed toward attending to its own affairs, avoiding political commitments or conflicts with other Powers, and coöperating in practical movements designed to lead to peace-promising agreements with foreign nations, it seems curious that the United States has had to submit within the last ten years to charges of constituting the chief obstacle to the world's peace. Within the last few weeks the President of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, in his annual report, has stated:

> It is a paradox, but a truth, that despite the overwhelming sentiment of the people of the United States, the Government of the United States has for some time past been a chief obstacle to every movement to make war unlikely and to advance the cause of international peace. Our public officials, and particularly our Senators, are greatly in love with formulas, declarations, and rhetorical flourishes, but when they come to close quarters with practical action, they are so concerned with exceptions, reservations, and provisos that their nominally good intentions disappear in the smoke of unreality.

The supposed basis for these charges probably lies in the refusal of the Senate to ratify the Treaty of Versailles and the Covenant of the League of Nations, in the Senate reservations to the World Court Protocol, and in the refusal up to the present to adopt the Capper Resolution, defining an aggressor nation as one that declines to submit its case to international discussion before taking armed action. The charge can hardly be based on any hesitation in calling conferences and making sacrifices for the limitation of armaments or in promoting the so-called Kellogg treaties for renouncing war as an instrument of national policy, for the reservations to those proposed treaties have come from the nations of Europe whom, less than ten years after the "Great War," it seems now customary to praise as apostles of peace.

* * *

The failure to ratify the Treaty of Versailles and the related treaties should hardly be deemed unwarranted action. An examination of those treaties in the light of ten years' experience has convinced many students of international affairs that they embody the germ of future war in Europe; and that the treaties were dictated, not by any broad statesmanlike purpose to build a more secure future for Europe in general, but rather by the desire to promote the immediate political and economic interests of the particular nations which drafted those pacts. In that sense they were traditional European treaties of a type well known in history. To be sure, the United States Senate in 1919 did not refuse to ratify the treaties because of their unconstructive and dangerous character, which at the time was realized by few; yet at the same time those treaties were so foreign to the interests and concerns of the United States that non-participation in them, particularly in those clauses designed to insure their perpetuity, may be regarded as a service to the United States, and in the long run possibly to Europe.

It is in fact those treaties themselves and the irredentas that they have scattered over Europe, the hostility which they have promoted among neighboring peoples, the apparently accepted opportunity to oppress reconcilable and irreconcilable minorities, and the wholesale confiscation of private property undertaken by their authority, that have made essential for Europe such an organization of conference and possible appeasement as the League of Nations —although the facts mentioned materially weaken its promise as a stabilizer of peace. Upon such an unhealthy foundation as the 1919 treaties it is difficult to build any hopeful structure of political or economic coöperation, such as is essential for the future of Europe. Yet the League of Nations has very little, if any, power to change that foundation. This is probably the explanation of the fact that the European governments still find it so difficult to disarm, notwithstanding treaty promises, and to adopt without reservation a treaty renouncing war as an instrument of national policy.

* * *

When the European structure erected at Versailles, St. Germain, Trianon, and Neuilly is contemplated, it ought to be apparent why many thoughtful people believe it proper for the United States for the present not to become committed to the maintenance of those political arrangements or to tinker with the structure by formal collaboration. Emotional allegiance to supposed ideals should not disregard hard facts. It is sometimes overlooked that one of the principal considerations involved in the American Revolution was to detach the United States from that system of political alliances and of peace by the sanction of war that had dragged the Colonies, without their consent and contrary to their interests, into practically every European war of the eighteenth century. That detachment became a fundamental national policy and departures from it have perhaps confirmed its wisdom. It was not unnatural, therefore, for this traditional sentiment to reassert itself after the termination of the European conflict of 1914-18, notwithstanding public professions that a new day had arrived and that peace had now become the major preoccupation of European policy. Whether the United States will ever change its position, it is impossible to say, but such a change is not likely to occur so long as the European countries maintain the 1919 treaties as the charter of European public law and act on the inconsistent slogan of "peace within the framework of the existing treaties."

The League for Europe

This is not to say that the League of Nations is not a useful and, for Europe, perhaps an indispensable instrumentality. Indeed, as a method of conference capable of being invoked at short notice—being in this respect but the latest development of a system running back to antiquity—it affords possibly the only hope that the continuous crises to which Europe is necessarily exposed will be settled without recourse to war, and perhaps with some degree of justice and satisfaction to the parties in interest. Only on such a basis of justice and acquiescence would a settlement, even if made, justify serious hope of prolonged peace. But that the League of Nations can only with difficulty rise above its source and is mainly a method and only secondarily a political organization must be evident. Perhaps that fact is something in its favor. Its power is extremely limited, as is apparent in the fact that the Council in June felt impelled to give up the attempted solution of so comparatively minor a problem as the Rumanian-Hungarian dispute, arising out of the expropriation by Rumania of the property of Hungarian optants. By its very nature, the League is primarily a European institution, and there is some opinion in informed circles even in Europe that the League is not strengthened by the presence of delegates from American and Asiatic states. Argentina and Brazil have indeed withdrawn. The League's administrative functions have been praiseworthy, and there is no reason why the United States should not wholeheartedly coöperate in all enterprises of the League not directly connected with the local and general political arrangements for Europe. Such cooperation is now extended, fairly regularly, and the effectiveness of the League as an administrative agency has thereby been promoted. The United States ought to take part in every conference, particularly economic conferences, designed to promote the general welfare. Isolation, if it has any meaning at all, never meant more than a purpose not to become committed to association with Europe's political groupings. The suggestion that Europe is unable to keep the peace without our aid hardly carries conviction. Unhappily, Europe's worst enemy is its history, and that the United States cannot change. Europe will probably have to find its own salvation from war.

What Is an Aggressor?

The very fear that European disintegration in war is possible, now that science has given the world inventions apparently capable of exterminating life and spreading havoc on an unprecedented scale, has induced the proposal of measures designed to prevent the outbreak of war. This is no idle task, and it should be encouraged. The movement, however, is hampered by the desire to maintain the *status quo* under all circumstances, whether that be just or unjust, and to punish by joint action any nation that would upset it. The effort to find an appropriate formula to maintain the *status quo*, by force if necessary, underlies many of the arrangements proposed within recent years in Europe, e. g., the Protocol of 1924, the Treaty of Mutual Assistance, the Covenant itself, and now the non-aggressor treaty contemplated in the Capper Resolution.

Nations which most vigorously support treaties designed to prevent any disturbance of the *status quo* are usually those which either are the beneficiaries of an unjust or questionable distribution of territory, or are satiated, or who have no hope of growing in strength, or who believe that by their influence they will be able to act as judges of a particular issue and that therefore the decision as to who is the "aggressor" is not likely to go against them. Experience of the past gives little hope that legalistic definitions of "aggressor" have any more chance than heretofore of serving as criteria for "unjust" or "just" wars. In the light of the revelations of pre-1914 diplomacy, many of the world's most thoughtful historians, including the Englishman Gooch, have practically abandoned the view that any one nation was the "aggressor" in 1914; and it is doubtful whether more than a few nations would agree with the verdict of any central body, assuming it could reach a verdict. Who was the aggressor at Tsinan-Fu? No nation has ever found much difficulty in convincing its own people that its enemy was the moral aggressor, and that it was fighting a purely defensive war; and when this is combined with the military aphorism that the best defense is a quick offense, it will be realized how elusive in practice the identification of the "aggressor" is likely to be. The smouldering embers of a conflict are usually so long in coming to life, and the conflagration then often breaks so suddenly, that little opportunity to present a case to impartial determination is afforded.

* * *

In fact, however, even if unanimity among the judges should be obtained on that difficult issue of "aggressor" it would be no indication that the aggressor might not have justice on its side. To throw off oppression has not been deemed heretofore unworthy, but expediency has often deterred a resort to force. Unless those who consider themselves the victims of standing injustices are given some other method or forum by which to obtain a hearing and a righting of the wrong, even by the making of territorial changes, it is hard to see how major political problems can be solved merely by a judicial determination of who is the "aggressor." In fact, however, even if such treaties are signed, it will be a difficult task in most crises of any importance to secure unanimity in the decision.

The Kellogg Treaties

And now we have before the world the so-called Kellogg treaties for the "renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy," with the provision that the settlement of disputes among the signatories "shall never be sought except by pacific means." These treaties, as originally proposed by Mr. Kellogg, partly embodied the plan of Senator Borah for the so-called "outlawry of war." The particular occasion for their proposal was the suggestion, perhaps not intended to be taken so seriously, of M. Briand, that he would be prepared to enter into an engagement to renounce war as an instrument of national policy between France and the United States. It took some time for this proposal to be appreciated; but when it was, the United States suggested its application not only to France, but multilaterally among the six Great Powers. This was believed to be a guaranty against all wars of a major character. France countered with a proposed renunciation of "wars of aggression"; but this proving unacceptable, replied with reservations, excepting from the renunciation, defensive wars, obligations under the Covenant of the League, the Locarno Treaties, and her alliances with eastern European countries, strangely characterized by some as treaties of "neutrality"; and maintained that before its coming into force all the nations should become parties and that violation of its obligations by any nation should release all the signatories from their renunciation. It has seemed much more difficult to obtain an agreement not to make war than to secure an agreement to make war. The French reservations seem to take out of the proposal most of its value,

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by Edwin Borchard

for within their framework all wars that any nation desires to wage could probably be accommodated. The British reservations practically supported those of France, with the exception of any reference to military alliances, but added a new one to the effect "that there are regions of the world, the welfare and integrity of which constitute a special and vital interest for our peace and safety . . . interference in these regions cannot be suffered . . . his Majesty's Government . . . accepts the new treaty upon the distinct understanding that it does not prejudice their freedom of action in this respect." These reservations or authoritative interpretations of the Treaty have been categorically accepted by Secretary Kellogg, except the added one of Great Britain, which is implicitly accepted by signature of the treaty. The interpretations are an essential and integral part of the treaty.

The question arises as to what practical effect such treaties are likely to have. It may be observed that the arbitration treaties rather promiscuously signed since 1905 and excepting from the obligation to arbitrate questions of national honor, vital interests, independence, and the interests of third states, or the new reservations excepting questions of domestic jurisdiction, interests of third parties, the Monroe Doctrine, and the obligation of League members under the Covenant, have had no appreciable effect on the peaceful settlement of international disputes. Indeed, for some disputes which were most adaptable to arbitral settlement, such as the neutrality claims of the United States against Great Britain, arbitration was refused. It is barely possible, that the new treaties may have practical value, notwithstanding the fact that the reservations are so broad as to cover almost every conceivable type of occasion for war.

The reservations disclose the fundamentals of European policy. That policy is founded upon the theory that peace is to be maintained by so-called sanctions or threats of force, by alliances, or now by multilateral League sanctions. Unless the Council is unanimous, however, authorized or privileged war even under the Covenant is still possible. The chance that Europe will be unanimous in any major crisis seems rather slim. Nevertheless, the League experiment is worth trying even though the League's mandate has not yet run against any major power. The Kellogg proposals do not make the peace they envisage depend on threats or the use of force, but constitute self-denying ordinances renouncing war. That is not the European system; hence the difficulty of reconciling conflicting points of view. The reservations, or interpretations, might be deemed to emasculate the professed effect of the treaty, so that its principal purpose would be psychological. But even that would be of value, if upon it could be built further contraceptions against war, possibly more fundamental in nature, namely, a deflation of those economic and political factors which invite commercial and political hostility and ultimately have led to armed conflict.

As it stands, the Treaty with its reservations or interpretations may not be a step forward. The reservations expressly recognize the legality of every war embraced within them. Few, if any, escape. The signatories, including the United States, recognize Britain's right to make war in any part of the globe in which her special interests are involved. And the United States is morally, if not legally, bound to accept the decisions and political conclusions of the League as to "aggressors," etc., without opportunity to participate in the deliberations leading to such important consequences. Possibly the Senate by appropriate reservations may be able to mitigate some of the more disadvantageous results of this latest peace proposal.

The European reservations indicate how deeply the world structure is built upon force and how long is the probable road to a more rational system. Not only would it become necessary to identify a "defensive" war, but "war" itself needs definition. Were these proposed treaties really to outlaw all acts of war, such as the invasion of foreign territory without the consent of the state invaded, as is exemplified by such recent incidents as those in Russia, Egypt, China, and possibly Nicaragua, they would revolutionize international relations and international law. It is probably not intended by the treaties to go so far, but to justify such invasion as police action to maintain the interests of the Great Powers. Moreover, so long as each nation is to determine what is defensive action and so long as no satisfactory method can be devised to make such determination, the treaties are not likely to stop belligerent action. But this much can be done; police action can be internationalized in Europe by denying a Great Power the privilege of alone determining when it will invade foreign territory without the intention of waging war in the full sense; and on this continent the United States should be willing to agree to consult the major Latin-American states before undertaking to invade the territory of any state.

Moreover, the ratification of the treaties should lead naturally to a serious movement for the limitation of armaments. If it does not, the world will have to prepare itself for the conclusion that the system of sovereign states, with independent freedom of action in the waging of war, with independent economic weapons such as tariffs and other barriers and monopolies, is probably impossible to maintain for any length of time without war. Those in responsible charge of their nation's affairs doubtless already realize that many minds throughout the world no longer accept the political and psychological paraphernalia of sovereign states as the ultimate guaranty of the security of the individual. Unless that security is in some degree moderately assured, which perhaps presupposes the establishment of methods of adjusting national resentments and disputes without the necessity for war, the system may some day be changed. War is probably the most dangerous factor in the existing international and social system; yet an insistence upon the maintenance of injustice and an incapacity to coöperate so as to redress the admitted wrongs of the disinherited, will make an effective renunciation of war practically impossible. More, then, is needed for a peaceful world than a mere renunciation of war.

Limitation of Armaments

Some efforts have been made by the United States within the last few years to bring about a limitation of armaments. It may be that the United States has not, by virtue of its policies, the same need for armaments that some of the European powers feel. At all events, on the initiative of the United States, the first genuine effort to limit armaments on a broad scale was undertaken at the Washington conference of 1921. Those efforts do not suffer by comparison with what was accomplished or not accomplished later at Geneva, either among the European powers or among the United States, Great Britain, and Japan. The 1926 Geneva conference was also called by the United States to extend to cruisers and destroyers the battleship limitations begun at Washington. France and Italy declined to participate. It soon became apparent at Geneva that the United States and Great Britain could not agree on a common basis of discussion, Great Britain proposing in fact an increase in the total tonnage of cruisers while moving for a reduction in the size of individual units. The United States, on the other hand, proposed a reduction of the total tonnage with a maximum cruiser of 10,000 tons. Japan seemed willing to agree to the American position.

Without allocating blame for the breakdown of the conference, it seems apparent that the United States was willing to propose a smaller navy. Possibly it was inadvisable to make admirals negotiators for the reduction of navies! It is also said that the service men in the Navy resented the concessions which they claimed the United States had made in 1921 in scrapping battleships, whereas the other countries, they claimed, had merely scrapped blueprints, and in abandoning the privilege of the United States to build certain fortifications in the Pacific. At all events the atmosphere for large concessions was lacking at Geneva. The result was immediate. The Navy Department in Washington demanded a large increase in our naval equipment, reviving earlier plans. The effect of the recent Anglo-French naval "compromise," the details of which have not been published, cannot yet be estimated.

Private Property in Wartime

Other issues, minor in appearance, but major in importance, have in recent years concerned American foreign policy. The return of the sequestrated alien property held by the Alien Property Custodian, 80% in kind and 20% in bonds, constitutes a distinct American contribution to sanity and security for the future. The European Allies wrote into the treaties of 1919 a provision authorizing them to confiscate the private property invested in the allied countries by citizens or subjects of Germany, Austria, Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey. Turkey, however, in 1923 at Lausanne, won back, through the force of arms, the private property it had surrendered at Sèvres. It is hardly possible to overemphasize the dangerous tendency of the practice of confiscating private enemy property. International law had condemned it in unequivocal terms for generations and it was regarded as obsolete as slavery.

It is still a mystery how the capitalists of England, France, and Italy could permit their political representatives to write into any public document a principle so subversive and demoralizing. Confiscation is always a two-edged sword and makes all private property insecure. It weakens decidedly the moral force of the protest against the Russian policy. But it was done, and on an unprecedented scale, and the world will have to bear the consequences. It unfortunately seems to establish the doctrine that foreign private property depends for its safety not on law, but on the preponderance of armed force. It thereby hampers materially the realization of any considerable limitation of armaments, and it has increased the feeling of insecurity in Europe, especially in the confiscating countries themselves. By refusing to follow that retrogressive precedent, the United States has furnished the world with an example of good judgment and integrity of far-reaching importance in international relations, possibly greater in its constructive effect than the signature of treaties to maintain peace by force. The minor departures by administrative officials from the principle of the integrity of foreign private property in wartime may also some day be made good by Congress.

On the whole, it is not believed that the United States in comparison with Europe is subject to criticism for any alleged disinclination to aid the cause of peace. The charges, when originating in Europe, are not perhaps entirely disinterested, for it is still frequently asserted that the insistence upon the collection of the debts due to the United States is an incipient and constant ground for unfriendliness. Possibly the debts may some day be traded for a sounder political order in Europe. But at the moment a further remission of the debts beyond that already made seems unlikely. The whole problem of international organization requires reconsideration, not merely to perfect and centralize political arrangements to maintain the *status quo*, now the major interest of many, but to examine those underlying factors which make international relations what they are, notably tariffs to monopolize the home market and handicap a favored competitor, and the political struggle to secure and control foreign raw materials and markets, the means of communication and transportation—in short, all those forms of international unfair competition which make for economic and political hostility and ultimately lead to a secondary competition in armament. When those underlying problems and factors are seriously appreciated and studied, there will arise a justifiable hope of a better order in international relations, for the deflation of the unfair competition in question will alone serve to remove much hostility and make unnecessary large military equipment as an instrument of national policy. In the solution of these problems, the United States has an unprecedented opportunity for service to humanity, worthy of twentieth century minds. Possibly with a President and Secretary of State having a broad outlook on human affairs in their international connotations, we may hopefully anticipate a gradual and perhaps permanent improvement in international relations.

(*For a brief bibliography bearing upon the subject-matter of his article and a personal note upon Professor Borchard's status and career, see page* 159)

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Books of Special Interest

Wasps, Ants and Men

FOIBLES OF INSECTS AND MEN. By WILLIAM MORTON WHEELER. New York: 1928. Alfred A. Knopf. $6.

Reviewed by BEVERLEY J. KUNKEL
Lafayette College

THE author of this volume is professor of entomology at Harvard and possibly the most eminent authority living to-day on the ants. Although his own foible is the pursuit of ants in this and other lands, that pursuit has not been so arduous that he has not found abundant opportunity to delve into the literatures of the world of both modern and classical times. Indeed, his resources and powers of literary expression are such that no zoölogist to-day is listened to at scientific gatherings with greater delight and eagerness. His addresses are characterized not only by the richness of biological knowledge, but also by their satire and wit.

The present volume, with the exception of a single chapter, consists of essays and addresses which have already been published in the scientific journals. Three or four of the essays are of special interest to the entomologist, but their sparkle and satire will prove delectable to the general reader although addressed to groups of specialists.

Three of the essays have to do with certain habits of wasps and ants which are quite peculiar, but may not appeal especially to the non-biological reader. "The Physiognomy of Insects" is not only a thoroughly scientific discussion of the general form of the insect body, especially of the head and legs, illustrated with some forty figures of the extreme types of insect physiognomy, but also a rather whimsical comparison of the same with human types of bodily form. "The Ant Colony as an Organism" is a careful discussion of the meaning of the term organism and the necessity of regarding the colony of insects as an organism of a higher order than the individual.

"The Organization of Research" which was addressed to the zoölogical section of the American Association for the Advancement of Science is delicious in its reactionary point of view with which many biologists must be heartily in sympathy. After pointing out the futility of trying to organize investigators, Mr. Wheeler sums up the whole question as follows:

> As the earth becomes more densely covered with its human populations, it becomes increasingly necessary to retain portions of it in a wild state, i. e. free from the organizing mania of man . . . Why may we not regard scientific research, artistic creation, religious contemplation, and philosophical speculation as the corresponding reservations of the mind, great world parks to which man must resort to escape from the deadening, overspecializing routine of his habits, mores, and occupations, and enjoy veritable creative holidays of the spirit? These world parks are in my opinion the best substitute we are ever likely to have for the old theological heaven.

"The Dry Rot of our Academic Biology" is not a paper on the fungus that attacks dry timber as the author tells us it was so catalogued by a college librarian, but a valuable contribution on the teaching of biology both to freshmen in college and graduate students. It is rather too bad to spoil the delightful satire of this paper by attempting to summarize it, but at the same time every teacher of biology should take the author's idea deeply to heart. This dry rot he attributes largely to a departure from the study of living creatures in their relation to their environment and a too close adherence to the study of the pickled remains of active organisms constantly doing things.

The most delightful of all the essays in this volume is the concluding one on "The Termitodoxa, or Biology and Society" addressed to the American Naturalists at their annual meeting. With charming whimsicality, it takes the form of a letter from the king of the termites to the author in which he discusses human society from the point of view of the far more ancient and and smoothly running society of the white ants. Says the king in his letter, "Our ancestors did not start society because they thought they loved one another, but they loved one another because they were so sweet (referring to a skin secretion which the white ants lick with great satisfaction from each others' bodies) and society supervened as a necessary and unforeseen by-product." The founders of the termite society, he continues, realized that its success depended upon its construction on the plan of a superorganism with the same basic problems to solve as the individual organism, namely nutrition, reproduction, and protection. This naturally involved a physiological division of labor among the individuals composing the society and the development of castes.

As might be guessed from the sub-title of the essays, the solution of modern society's problems rests with the biologists, including the psychologists and anthropologists, without whose best efforts "your theologians, philosophers, jurists, and politicians will continue to add to the existing confusion of your social organization."

Modern Psychiatry

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF MENTAL DISORDERS. By ABRAHAM MYERSON, M.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1927. $1.40.

MENTAL HYGIENE. By DANIEL WOLFORD LA RUE. The same. $2.

THE INNER WORLD OF CHILDHOOD. By FRANCES WILKES. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1927. $3.

Reviewed by JOHN E. LIND
St. Elizabeth Hospital

RECENTLY there appeared in a magazine admittedly for the intelligentsia an article on psychiatry of which the thesis was that that science had advanced practically not at all in a thousand years. Different names were given, the author said in fluent journalese, to mental diseases and symptoms, but Hippocrates and Galen knew as much about the cause and treatment of insanity as Kraepelin and White.

Whatever may be the foundation of truth for that writer's gaudy dialectic, psychiatry is at least making an honest effort to do three things: to find out why mental disease occurs, to find out how to prevent it, and to enlighten the public on mental problems. In short, far from posing in sacerdotal garments and uttering—for a consideration—mystic and profound phrases, the psychiatrists are bustling about telling parents how to train children in healthy mental habits, they are conducting clinics in mental hygiene, and they are writing books like the above.

Dr. Myerson's book is an effort at orienting the intelligent layman in the field of psychiatry. Myerson is a competent psychiatrist, thoroughly versed in his subject, and writing well. He has attempted, however, in a very small book, to discuss psychology, normal and abnormal, neuroses, the minor and major psychoses, Freud, Adler, and Jung, mental hygiene and a few other kindred subjects. It is to be doubted that his book will be a real help to the social worker, the educator, and others who, lacking a medical education, wish to become acquainted with the premises of psychopathology. The author has, in fact, attempted too much in too little space.

Doctor La Rue's book, on the other hand, contains the whole subject of mental hygiene neatly abstracted, condensed, annotated, discussed, outlined, and prepared for classroom exercise. At the end of each chapter are such academic calisthenics as "Class Exercises," "For Further Study," and "Topics for Special Investigation and Report." Under these headings all the material in the chapter is analyzed, paraphrased, dissected, and reconstructed, and various more or less appropriate mental acrobatics are suggested for the aspiring ephebos. A few questions may be quoted: "How can one know when he has found the right love mate?" "Try to make clear what is meant by 'unconscious radiations of personality,'" "When I control myself, which part of the brain acts as 'I' and which as 'myself'?"

Mrs. Wilkes's book is one of the documents gradually accumulating in refutation of such articles as the one mentioned above. If the causes of mental disorders are ever to be discovered, and anything done to prevent their occurrence, it will be through such studies as these. Leaving aside the little explored field of heredity and not accepting the behaviorists *in toto*, we still have the vast field of child hygiene for a psychiatric laboratory. The irritable, suspicious child of to-day is the paranoiac of to-morrow; the reserved, diffident child, improperly handled, becomes a precox, and the whining, nervous child a neurotic.

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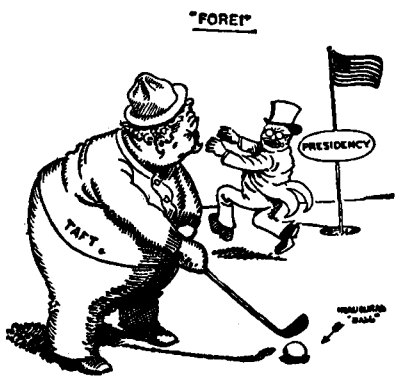

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The Saturday Review's own standards of criticism have been consistently upheld on our page by reviews of highly selective books from, if we do say it, highly selective critics and writers. And these reviewers have presented a surprisingly willing and large range of friends of the young! Indeed, we have established to our full satisfaction the at first rather doubtful proposition that the best and completely adult critics *will* write about children's books if the subject is put up to them on the level. "What is more important after all than children's reading?"—that is how we have approached them! Able writers have helped us cover the field, also, by shorter reviews in the classified section of *The Saturday Review*. In addition to our straight if narrow task of reviewing, many special features have entered into our columns by a sort of natural springing up of interest; unusual lists by librarians and bookshop workers, notes on reprints, new editions, or good but forgotten books, really worth while suggestions, etc., and in the spring we published short essays by authoritative writers on such subjects as bookshops, children's magazines, children's libraries, and "make-up."

This year, with a slight increase in space, we plan to whet the child's appetite for real nourishment by consecutive lists of historical reading for children, and to publish live comments in informal form, again from persons of authority. Many another Sally is stirring back of our really praiseworthy heading by W. A. Dwiggins (see above, immediately), but what we really wanted to indicate is that we are certainly in a satisfied, if not self-satisfied, frame of mind for our first anniversary. The response in willingness and interest to our endeavor has been so warm that our task has been easy. And we firmly believe that the voices of the friends of children's books that speak up every other week quietly but interestingly in "The Children's Bookshop" are really worth listening to, even amongst the clamor of adult best-sellers!

Reviews

PIRATES OLD AND NEW. By JOSEPH GOLLOMB. New York: The Macaulay Company. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

A COLLECTION of books such as that said to be the property of Don C. Seitz, ranging the principal volumes written about pirates and piracy, must take a good deal of wall space. The late Howard Pyle, illustrator *par excellence* of pirate tales, and writer of a few himself, must have had to grant pirate literature a good deal of shelf room in his own library. And in the past few years various new volumes on these fascinating figures of history have accumulated. The classic biographies of Esquemeling are ever consulted anew, the exploits of Blackbeard and l'Ollonais and Morgan and the other famous buccaneers will probably continue to be retold so long as there are men and boys to listen.

The embellishment of Mr. Gollomb's book reminds us of that of recent books written by Charles J. Finger. The end-papers, jacket, and head-pieces are from woodcuts by Clyde A. Nordquist. Mr. Finger's illustrator is the more distinguished Paul Honore, and his work is better. But Mr. Nordquist's lends color to the volume under consideration. As for the present author, Mr. Gollomb is a journalist who has left journalism to adventure in many fields. He has written detective stories, and of the greatest detectives. He has, in another volume, challenged comparison with Mr. Finger, as he does here, in treating the master highwaymen, Claude Duval, Jack Sheppard, Dick Turpin, *et al.* It may be said at once that Mr. Finger, in such historical writing, has more style than Mr. Gollomb. But Mr. Gollomb has enthusiasm, energy, and a keen sense of the dramatic.

One is not to infer, however, that Mr. Gollomb merely deals with the famous old pirates most written about. In such a book he could not very well leave out Blackbeard and Morgan, or indeed, the French Lalonais, and their stories are set forth in the proper black and red. But one of the most fascinating of his chapters concerns those he dubs the "moral pirates," Misson and Tew, their strange founding of the African Utopia of Libertatia, and its eventual extinction. There are queer events in history, and surely this is one of the queerest, almost nearer fantasy than fact, yet an actual happening. Then he also treats of the mystery of that puzzling Captain Green who, unwittingly, made history and bound together England and Scotland as Great Britain; he gives us Avery dying in starvation and penury when the world imagined him lifted to gorgeous affluence by his capture on the running seas of the Great Mogul's daughter; he narrates vividly the romantic tale of Hsi-Kai or "Mrs. Ching," the Chinese woman pirate who operated in the dawn of the nineteenth century; he turns to the famous Lafittes of the Gulf; and finally treats of the modern nefariousness of Mr. W. K. Thompson who blew up steamships to reap insurance (hoist, finally, with his own petard), and of how Herbert Rennie Smith stole a steamboat and appropriated the money for ill-gotten freights. And, in checking off his various chapters we have not mentioned the first of all—which tells of the capture by early pirates of no less a prize than Julius Cæsar himself, and how he was revenged upon them.

We have said enough to indicate the store of good yarns with which "Pirates Old and New" is cargoed. Outstanding to this reviewer are those featuring François Misson and the widow of Chang-Yih.

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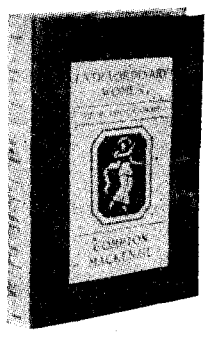

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Edgar J. Goodspeed, well-known translator of THE NEW TESTAMENT, said in a recent review of THE OLD TESTAMENT: *An American Translation*, "We can only hope that its publishers will soon be able to offer this book, so important both as literature and as religion, at a price within the reach of all." It has been done. Now you can buy THE OLD TESTAMENT: *An American Translation*, by J. M. P. Smith, Alex R. Gordon, Theophile J. Meek and Leroy Waterman for $5.00 in the same handsome cloth binding, its contents unabridged. In it you will find more clearly and accurately the whole meaning and message of the Bible. *Cloth, $5.00*
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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS
5852 Ellis Avenue, Chicago

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The book is for boys, old and young. Mr. Gollomb does not overslaw bloody actuality, but his point of view throughout is sound and he preserves judicious perspective. He is interested in studying the mixed good and evil in the characters of his freebooters. He writes graphically, with nervous energy. Withal, he has contributed a new volume of interest to that pirate bookshelf we spoke of in the beginning.

MILLIONS OF CATS. By WANDA GA'G. New York: Coward-McCann. 1928.

Reviewed by ELIZABETH COATESWORTH

EACH page of Wanda Ga'g's "Millions of Cats" should be considered as a whole, a whole made up of interwoven story and decoration. The text runs like a streamlet around the very old man and the very old woman and their house that had flowers, and through the hills where the old man walked hunting for a cat, and in and among the millions of cats which he finally found. For there were

Cats here, cats there,
Cats and kittens everywhere,
Hundreds of cats,
Thousands of cats,
Millions and billions and trillions of cats.

If these cats lap ponds and browse on pastures they are true cats in the pride which is their undoing. Only the scraggly kitten survives to grow nice and plump in a series of studies posed with a large bowl of milk. Her end is the end of all good kittens—to play with a ball of yarn on a round rag rug in the radiant light of a lamp, the center of admiring attention. The pictures are quaint and bold, the cats thoroughly feline, and the kittens in their settings of luminous flowers enchanting.

INDIAN HISTORY FOR YOUNG FOLK. By F. S. DRAKE. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1927. $3.

Reviewed by MARY AUSTIN

DRAKE'S history of Indians for young people is one of those books which, creditable for its time, should have been left in its original form, or subjected to complete revision in view of our later knowledge of the subject. Nothing is to be more regretted than that it should have been republished in a handsome new edition with a prefix and tag chapter to create the impression that it is in any sense a sound and comprehensive history of the American aboriginal.

In its early editions the book is an excellent compilation of most of our military and a very few of our civil dealings with the Indians. The selections of incidents and side lights on Indian character has been made without prejudice, with, indeed, considerable sympathy for the Red Man as such. The documents from which the selections are made are authentic, for the most part, though no writer on Indians now-a-days would think of quoting "Hiawatha" as an authentic Indian document. The type of incident quoted is interesting to the young, and clearly written.

⁂ ⁂

That the compiler as he gets on in his history, gets further and further from the sympathetic attitude and takes on more and more the departmental tone, is no doubt due to the type of original material which he makes use of in the later years of what are known as the "Indian troubles," and not to any intentional warping of the material to a personal bias. More and more the quotations are from military documents and reflect the military point of view. Although it is now well known that the "Ghost Dance" was a religious revival and our military expedition against it the most unnecessarily stupid of our mistakes, the incident is still treated as a purely military exploit. In keeping with an American tradition in writing history for the young, the long disgraceful record of treaties broken, of national honor sacrificed, and cruel political exploitation of the Indians under wardship is minimized to the disappearing point.

As a compilation from Indian documents, Drake's book is interesting and valid to that extent—that it is a compilation and nothing else. As a history of Indians it falls short in nearly all the points which we are now coming to realize constitute the continuity of human evolution; it falls short of recording the Indian's view, his culture, his spiritual quality, and his contribution to American life.

THE GRAPHIC BIBLE: From Genesis to Revelation, in Animated Maps and Charts. By LEWIS BROWNE. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by GILBERT LOVELAND

LEWIS BROWNE dedicates this book to his father, the first artist he ever knew, and to his mother, the first historian. It is an apt and not merely sentimental ascription: the book itself is a marriage of quaint art to historical narrative.

Quaint art, in merry patterns of maps and charts that capture the imagination with their dolphins and galleons, mountains and trees, pictures the Bible story in terms of space and makes it real. Historical narrative, compact and forward-moving, simplifies the Bible story, retells it in terms of understandable time and makes it vivid.

⁂ ⁂

The idea for "The Graphic Bible" was born more than ten years ago when the author's niece complained that the Bible was "all a pudding of funny names sprinkled with 'begats,'" and his nephew asserted that "Treasure Island" seemed much more real than the Bible because "there's a map inside the cover of the book!" As a Sunday-school teacher, too, he had learned that he could hold the attention of a roomful of squirming children by drawing crude maps on the blackboard, "cluttering them up with little hills and trees and forts and ricocheting arrows as the lesson progressed."

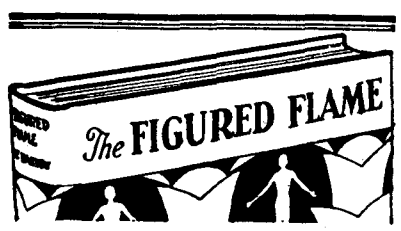
So from its birth as an idea to its maturity as a book, this volume has known practicality. Purposely old-fashioned, the maps are the more alive. Straightforward, the narrative recounts the complex movements and counter-movements of the biblical stories in the simplest manner.

Some, because of convictions about religious nurture, prefer that their children shall not be made acquainted with all of the Bible, and such will not approve of this book as a juvenile. But many more, whose children are already receiving piecemeal impressions about the Bible, will welcome it as an introduction and simplification for boys and girls in later childhood and early adolescence. The book, however, cannot be indexed nicely for its age-group appeal. Any child who reads "Treasure Island" will understand "The Graphic Bible," and for ages beyond that point its appeal resists classification.

Mr. Browne holds that "all should at least know the story." His book is confined to telling the story. Interpretations and explanations will have to come from parents and teachers. And this is as it should be.

Memorable in 1928

Italian Peepshow and Other Tales. By ELEANOR FARJEON. Stokes.
I Know a Secret. By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY. Doubleday-Page.
A Childhood in Brittany Eighty Years Ago. By ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.
The Winged Horse. By JOSEPH AUSLANDER and FRANK ERNEST HILL. Doubleday-Page. $3.50.
Now We Are Six. By A. A. Milne. Dutton. $2.00.
Adventures in Reading. By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER. Stokes. $2.00.
Children of the Moor. By LAURA FITINGHOFF. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.
The Indian How Book. By ARTHUR C. PARKER. Doran. $2.50.
Gay-Neck. By DHAN GOPAL MUKERJE. Dutton. $2.25.
Told Again. By WALTER DE LA MARE. Knopf.
Skipping Village. By LOIS LENSKI. Ill. by the author. Stokes. $2.00.
The Skin Horse. By MARGERY WILLIAMS BIANCO. Doran. $1.50.



Recommended Reading

"How a young girl's artistic yearnings were stifled by her mother—the sort of mother whose head was simply splitting whenever she was confronted with reality. Recommended for its excellent portrait of the prudish nineties."—*Life*

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PAX The Adventurous Horse

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Sylvia Townsend Warner, the author of *Lolly Willowes* and *Mr. Fortune's Maggot*, has written a delightful volume of poems, entitled TIME IMPORTUNED. Those who know her novels will find these poems warmed with the same mellow wisdom and humor as her prose. $2.00

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1. "Definitely in the front rank of American novelists." *N. Y. Herald Tribune*
2. The Book-of-the-Month Club Selection for June, 1926.
3. "As important as 'Main Street' ... We venture the belief that it is better." *N. Y. World.*
4. "An obvious masterpiece."—Burton Rascoe, *N. Y. Sun.*

BRIGHT METAL

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Doubleday, Doran

Points of View

Emily Brontë

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Mrs. Colum deserves well of Brontë admirers for her debunking of Rohmer Wilson's recent biography of Emily Brontë. Such phrases as "incredible nonsense" and "romantic, adolescent drivel" are cheering and heartening. So perhaps it is ungracious to quarrel with any parts of a generally admirable criticism; yet in a few points the reviewer does not leave us convinced.

The Celtic strain in Emily is obvious; but Mrs. Colum, it seems to me, falls a little into the Rohmer Wilson strain of criticism when she becomes certain that Emily's father "must" have remembered and repeated to his children such Celtic poetry as the ice epic of Padruig ua Pronntuidh or the Love Songs of Connacht. Did he repeat them in Gaelic [and did Emily understand Gaelic?] or in the translation quoted by Mrs. Colum? Are they the sort of thing that the author of "Cottage Poems" *would* repeat? Perhaps he did, and perhaps they were, but only *perhaps*—there is no *must* about it. It is almost as likely that Aunt Branwell of Methodist upbringing regaled the children with the loves of Tristram and Isolt because she came from the neighborhood of Tintagel, or that the Yorkshire Tabby Ackroyd declaimed to them whole scenes from the apocryphally Shakesperian "Yorkshire Tragedy"—to reduce things to absurdity. The Norse element in Yorkshire makes so much more probable an environmental influence than the Irish does a hereditary one, that we cannot share Mrs. Colum's amazement at the fact that critics have taken the latter "into account so little."

Mrs. Colum praises Rohmer Wilson for her treatment of Charlotte and her revelation of the author's own "mental and emotional experiences." Is it not reasonable to suppose that the main merit of a biography is that it deals with its subject? Praising it for incidental excellences is just a bit like praising a study of Samuel Richardson, by, let us say, Sir Walter Scott, for a paragraph it might have on Aaron Hill and the light it might shed on Scott's own early romantic attachment, even though it should assign to Richardson the authorship of "Tom Jones."

And is Rohmer Wilson right about Charlotte? In the world of Brontë criticism, next to holding up to opprobium the Rev. Arthur Nicholls, whose only crime seems to have been his longevity, casting aspersions on Charlotte is the favorite pastime. Even M. Dimnet, her best biographer, seems vaguely to dislike her. Every one accents a certain rigidity and narrowness about her. She is inconsistently blamed for discovering Emily's poems and for destroying Emily's letters and private papers—for giving one to the world and keeping the other from it. What would have been said had she done exactly the opposite, or suppressed both, or published both? Charlotte may have been an inexpert editor of Emily's verse. Perhaps Emily felt that her work was not quite ready when Charlotte discovered it and was irritated, as most authors are, that anyone should see it before it had received final revision. If so, Charlotte was blameworthy, but Dr. Johnson is equally so for having "The Vicar of Wakefield" published unrevised. And Charlotte's gesture of destroying the sacred private letters and manuscripts of Emily was a noble one; it was also a useless one, but she could not have known that the modern method of biography would be invented.

Charlotte was rigid, but most rigid toward herself. She was managerial, but she thought she had to be. She was undemonstrative, or least tried to be so, until the prospect of losing Emily broke every reserve. She needed to be undemonstrative; infinite depths of feeling were in her, evidenced by, among other things, her letters, her novels, and her going to confession at Brussels. The publication of her letters to M. Heger, seventy years after they were written, is an ironical proof of how wise she was to keep a check upon her tongue and her pen.

But Charlotte is not proved, by Rohmer Wilson or by anyone else, to have had "a horrid partiality for tampering with the lives of others." She was too eager to preserve her own privacy of character for that. She gave herself to the world only as Currer Bell, not as Charlotte Brontë, and almost hated a friend who saw through the disguise. She may have thought, perhaps mistakenly, that it was only Ellis Bell she was discovering with the poems, and not Emily. And Charlotte never "got her teeth" into Emily—horrible phrase. Charlotte was not a were-wolf, attractive as such an animal would be on the leash of a Dark Hero.

PAUL M. FULCHER.
The University of Wisconsin.

Why Not Good Cheer?

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I have been a reader of your respected paper ever since its origination. Now, if I may, I wish to ask a question about today's better type of literature.

Why is life in its various ways painted as being more or less futile by our leading writers? Why are all these complex, unhappy, and unhealthy problems being placed before us in an unceasing flow of books? Without a doubt they are well written, clever, and intelligent, but one can hardly say they are cheerful.

When I, an ordinary working individual, come home for an evening's pleasure, I pick out a book of so-called high standard, as my companion. Nine times out of ten I meet with a problem of marriage or of some unhealthy sex development. But few of these problems are ever solved by the writer himself. He shows me a pigsty—and leaves me there to find a way out. I can hardly convince myself that such environment is healthy to one's mental happiness. Also unfortunately the usual person sees enough of these problems in real life without having to read and read without end about some peculiar devil who is miscast in life, and who but seldom finds a way out.

The very foundation of art is beauty—and music appeals to the finer senses of appreciation. Why cannot our literature of today express to a greater degree the more beautiful things in life, without everlastingly battering down one's optimism and faith in human nature?

Any one can rake up mud in the gutter. It may require vision to see happiness in some lives—but isn't it much more worth while?

DONALD A. FOWLER.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

ART IN THE LIFE OF MANKIND. By *Allen W. Seaby*. Oxford. 2 vols.

MINIATURES AND SILHOUETTES. By *Max von Boehn*. Walton. $5.

THE HUMAN FORM AND ITS USE IN ART. By *F. R. Yerbury* and *G. M. Ellwood*. Marshall Jones. $7.50.

Belles Lettres

WHY BE A MUD TURTLE? By *Stewart Edward White*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.

A FRONDED ISLE. By *E. V. Lucas*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.

SKEPTICAL ESSAYS. By *Bertrand Russell*. Norton. $2.50.

THE UNINTENTIONAL CHARM OF MEN. By *Frances Lester Warner*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

CONTEMPORARIES AND SNOBS. By *Laura Riding*, Doubleday, Doran.

GOOD-BYE WISCONSIN. By *Glenway Wescott*. Harpers. $2.50.

Biography

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CIVIL WAR. By JOHN GIBBON. Putnam. 1928.

General Gibbon's book is a narrative, based upon his diary, letters, and recollections, of his observations and experiences in the Civil War. He was in the thick of the fight at Antietam, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, and Cold Harbor, played a leading part at Appomattox in arranging for the surrender of the Confederate forces, and served in reconstruction work in Virginia. With soldierly directness he describes graphically and in detail marches, movements, and battles and gives us many intimate glimpses of army life. A number of the military leaders are taken from their pedestals and made human again. His references to Hooker, Hancock and Meade are of especial interest. The adherents of McClellan will find comfort in Gibbon's laudatory comments on this much debated soldier, and the critics of Secretary Stanton will find confirmation of their belief that his services need restudy and reassessment.

The haphazard methods of recruiting and officering regiments, the appointment and promotion of generals on the basis of their political opinions and on favoritism, the gambling in commanders by the administration, and the attempts to direct military operations from Washington are frankly discussed in the hope that future generations may benefit by the mistakes of those years. General Upton, Major Ganoe, and others have written of these matters before, but they are worthy of repetition, particularly by one who speaks with such authority. General Gibbon is temperate and just in his judgments; he tells his story with zest, but always with an eye to the facts. One wishes that less attention had been given to military detail and more to the human side of the war, for it is in this that the book is most interesting and valuable.

THE LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS. By *John Forster*. Edited and annotated by *J. W. T. Ley*. Doubleday, Doran.

CHARLES DICKENS. By *Ralph Straus*. Cosmopolitan. $4.

DR. ARNOLD OF RUGBY. By *Arnold Whitridge*. Holt. $5.

MARY II., QUEEN OF ENGLAND. By *Nellie M. Wattesson*. Duke University Press. $2.50.

JOHN WESLEY. By *Abraham Lipsky*. Simon & Schuster. $3.

AN ECHO FROM PARNASSUS. By *Henrietta Dana Skinner*. Sears. $2.

FASCINATING WOMEN. By *Franz Blei*. Simon & Schuster. $3.

MY STUDIO WINDOW. By *Marietta Minnigerode Andrews*. Dutton. $5.

CHARLES JAMES FOX. By *John Drinkwater*. Cosmopolitan. $5.

THE CHEVALIER BAYARD. By *Samuel Shellabarger*. Century. $4.

ZOLA AND HIS TIME. By *Matthew Josephson*. Macaulay. $5.

SIR THOMAS MALORY. By *Edward Hicks*. Harvard University Press. $2.50.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. By *Albert J Beveridge*. Houghton Mifflin. 2 vols.

Fiction

THE DOUBTFUL YEAR. By JOHN LEBAR. Appleton. 1928. $2.

When Allen Stewart arrived in Los Angeles, just graduated in architecture from college, with no money, no friends, no influence, he little suspected what hostile barriers lay between him and a hopeful start in his calling. Thoroughly competent, honest, likable, and withal a game loser, he yet failed to hold with any degree of permanence the various minor positions he obtained with architectural concerns. No fault of his, but still the boy grew sad and thoughtful over the problem of why success refused to come his way. An elderly professor, whose daughter Allen learns to love, a rogue who deals in blackmail, Tony, the stone-deaf mathematical prodigy, all take prominent part in the events of Allen's difficult first year. The book resembles an old-fashioned goody-goody tale and is not likely to gain favor with the cynical or sophisticated reader.

SPEARS IN THE SUN. By *James Edwin Baum*. Reilly & Lee. $2 net.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE HAWK. By *C. S. Forester*. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.

THE SHADOW ON THE LEFT. By *Augustus Muir*. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.

THE INSTRUMENT OF DESTINY. By *J. D. Beresford*. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.

ANOTHER COUNTRY. By *H. Du Coudray*. Sears. $2.50.

THE LIGHT OF EGYPT. By *Werner Jansen*. Brentano's. $2.50 net.

BRIGHT METAL. By *T. S. Stribling*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.

THE LADY OF STAINLESS RAIMENT By *Mathilde Eiker*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.

THE BABYONS. By *Clemence Dane*. Doubleday, Doran. 4 vols.

COCK PIT. By *James Gould Cozzens*. Morrow. $2.50.

SWEET WATER AND BITTER. By *Virginia Moore*. Harcourt, Brace. $1.75.

MIRROR OF DREAMS. By *"Gampat."* Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

WEREWOLF. By *Charles Lee Swem*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

THE ONE AND THE OTHER. By *Richard Curle*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.

CRESCENDO. By *Henry Bellamann*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

(*Continued on page 154*)

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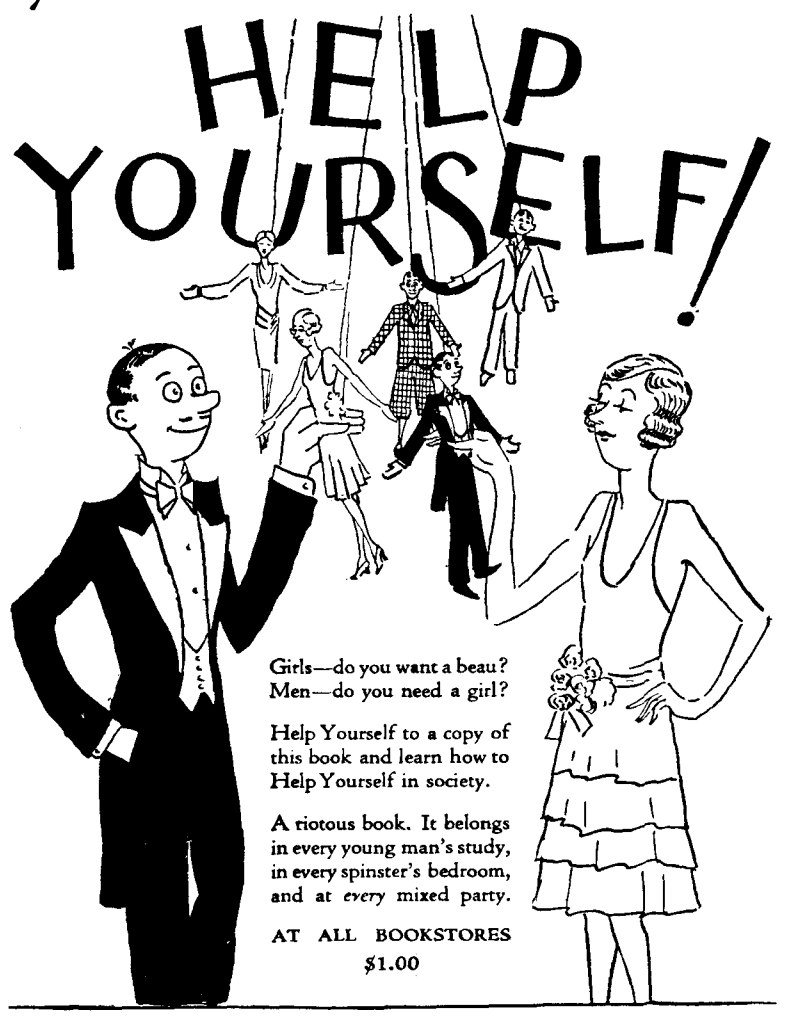

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This first novel by Louis Untermeyer will interest everyone. The author, basing his work on long research, raises many bold and searching questions and attempts to answer them.

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by HAROLD A. LARRABEE

"What is philosophy?" The intense and steadily growing interest in the whole subject of philosophy today, indicated by the amazing sales of such books as Will Durant's *The Story of Philosophy*, is proof that thousands of people are asking themselves this question. They know the lives of the philosophers, but they don't know philosophy. Here is a complete, thorough and elementary exposition of the whole subject. The language is simple, the ideas easy to grasp. "What *is* philosophy?" you ask. Here is the first general book to tell you, simply, clearly, interestingly, what philosophy is.

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A Letter from France

By ABEL CHEVALLEY

"LES Chèvrefeuilles" (The Honeysuckles) of contemporary literature are these *literati*, young and old, who admit of no other subject for what stands them in place of intellectual activity than a perpetual twisting and coiling around their perfumed selves. "Introspection," "internal language"—greatly misused words—are their mottoes.

The signs are not wanting of a reaction against that purely subjective attitude. I am noting them down from time to time in the *Mercure de France* (Littérature Comparée). A "return to the object" seems pretty evident in Germany and Italy, as witness the books of Crémieux and Bertaux, noticed in my last letter, July 28. (An error of pagination telescoped the last paragraphs into each other, but they *can* be disentangled, if one tries hard enough.)

In France, the current of realism renewed by Flaubert and Maupassant has never ceased to flow, though it is a strangely mixed current. Our literature has been *ad nauseam* called logical, intellectual, reason-ridden, order-laden. Clearness, composition, tendency to simplify, almost to schematize, such are, it appears, its main characteristics.

This may be true, to a large extent, of the exportable products. They are more or less standardized, and keep all the better. But the true vintage cannot be standardized. It is never the same two years running, it reflects the innumerable and imponderable variations of soil and weather during the year of its growth. The initiated know its date by its taste. It is produced in its purity only in those climates where it fails three years out of four, and gains in quality what it misses in quantity. It is a perfect image of its native sky and earth. The more unstable and composite its elements, the truer it is. It needs strengthening or sweetening in order to bear transport, stand a label, keep that same taste under any latitude that is required for international wholesale. Such are the limitations of the true vintage in literature.

French realism is nowadays many-sided, and a bad traveller. It differs in this respect from the older naturalism. It does not imply grossness, does not exclude fantasy, passion, or logic, but it starts from facts and a belief in the "object," not a mere faith in the "subject." Its knack of looking squarely at things and calling them by their name is perhaps as much a native trait of all French literature as subservience to ideas.

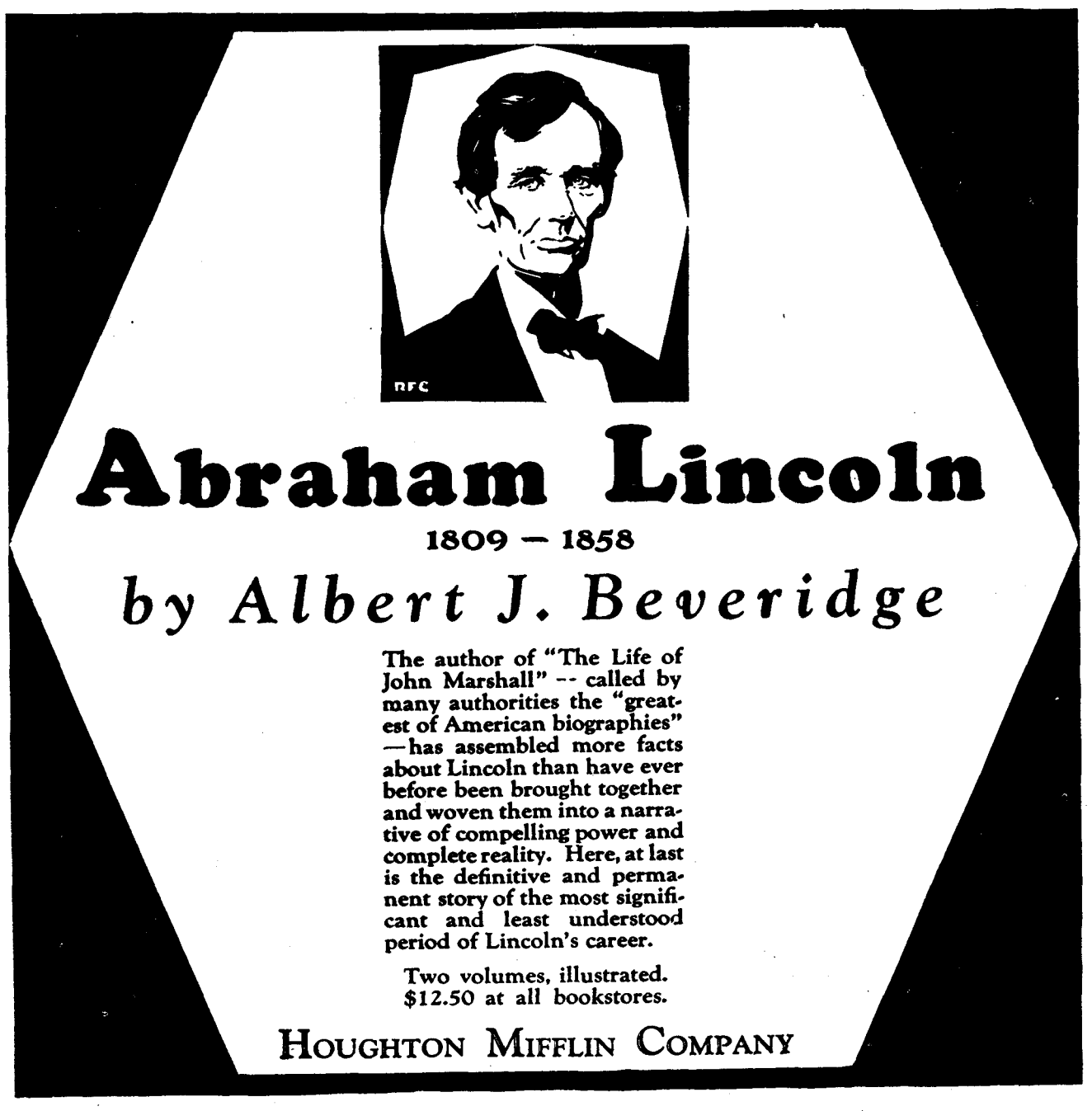
Gaston Chérau, in the older generation, and Maurice Genevoix in the younger, can be taken as representatives of contemporary French realism. I find in "Les Jalouses," by Charles H. Hirsch (Flammarion); "La Gonfle," by Roger Martin du Gard (N. R. F.); "Pique-Puce," by Louis Chaffurin (Flammarion), and the excellent "Faillite," by Pierre Bost (N. R. F.), some recent specimens, rather different in quality, and, for that very reason especially welcome, of the true 1928 vintage. "Le Dieu des Corps," by Jules Romains (N. R. F.), is not, as the author says, for those who do not take love seriously, almost religiously. The same sexual *religion* which inspires Havelock Ellis's life-work is here evident. Nothing but the awe it breathes into the matter of sex could save Romains's descriptions of its rites from unbearability. But we should be slow to castigate when we remember that to Ruskin, even George Eliot's art was but the "study of cutaneous disease." There are many mansions in the house of poetry.

One of them, long disused, is the novel on contemporary history. Only those who have made it their business to study the development of prose fiction can realize how spacious and long standing is that block founded on the day's news. Three-fourths of the fiction written in the seventeenth century even under titles like "Alexander" or "Semiramis" relate actual events or recent scandal. Aphra Behn, Mary Manley, Eliza Haywood are as true ancestresses of the English novel as Sarah Fielding and Frances Burney. With Walter Scott and Alexandre Dumas the novel made a move from recent towards old history. Balzac replaced it in its contemporary frame. The remoteness of characters and events, in time or space, is not a guarantee of that relative fidelity and impartiality, which can be obtained only because it is relative, and when obtained, only makes history, not a novel. True it is that the nearness of events and recognizability of public characters renders it impossible to deal with them without an element of feeling, of passion. But in that element lies the essence of poetry, drama, fiction. What on earth can be depicted or related without a sub-current of emotivity? Language itself under its most elementary forms, provided it is the language of life, not of science, is at the same time intellectual as instrument, expressive as action, and emotive as self-revelation. The intellectual part is a means, not an end. But the expressive and emotive parts, corresponding to action and sensation, are fundamental. Even if I say: "it rains," instead of "Damn it, it is raining," I do not record a meteorological observation. I am not a meteorologist. What *I do* mean is: *Damn it.* Purely historical novels, if the breed was bred, would stand to novels of contemporary history as meteorology to weather epithets. The history of fiction is full of the fiction of history. A novel is the language, not the measure of, living facts. If we understood clearly the nature and function of language, we should be surprised to see how nearly connected it is with artistic creation. I can recommend "Le Langage," by Vendryès (Renaissance du Livre), and "Le Langage et la Vie," by C. Bally (Payot), as two excellent guides across that fascinating and comparatively unexplored district of revelative knowledge.

Louis Dumur is probably the best known among the French writers who turn contemporary history into contemporary novels. The late Blasco Ibañez, who wrote "Mare Nostrum" and "Les Quatre Cavaliers de l'Apocalypse," prefaced the Spanish edition of Dumur's "Nach Paris" and hailed him as the foremost novelist of the war. He is *not a newcomer.* As far back as 1895 I remember him as the author of "Albert." Ten years later, "Un Coco de Génie" conferred on his celebrity something like a second birth (or berth). He only reached the "grand public" after "Nach Paris" and "Le Boucher de Verdun" (1921). These two indictments of pre-war German militarism, brutality, and stupidity were received with howls of anger from people more concerned with opportunity than sincerity. But, as Blasco Ibañez said of "Nach Paris," "this terrible book is an impartial book." And Edmond Jaloux: "Its impartiality makes the strength of its impeachment." And again Ibañez: "The chivalrous German officer who, in 'Nach Paris,' shudders at the monstrous conduct of his fellow-soldiers personifies that healthy minority which, in 1914, was too small and weak to make itself heard." If that minority has now become a majority, let us praise God. But this is no reason for damning Dumur. "Lest we forget . . . lest we forget . . ." let us give him his due.

A Swiss by birth, he has traveled extensively in Austria, Finland, Scandinavia, lived in Germany, and still longer in Russia. His working knowledge of several languages makes him not only a true European, but a well equipped novelist of Europe. For the last thirty years he has been on the staff of *Le Mercure de France*, which he now edits under Alfred Valette. His recently published book, "Dieu Protège le Tsar," is a sensational, because a faithful, picture of Russia before and during the war. Whoever writes of Rasputin and his *milieu* is bound to offend *la Vérité ou le Goût*—Truth or Taste. The demoniac nature of some short passages makes it impossible to read them aloud, but they happen to be among the most strictly historical. If history is, as was neatly said, "what man credits from time to time about the past," then Dumur's books are less fiction than history, and more dynamic than both.

I am not surprised that many Russians refuse to recognize *their* Russia in "Dieu Protège le Tsar." But Dumur holds that many Europeans (and Americans) will recognize *their* Russians. The student of political and military history will find in his book sixty pages on the battle of Tannenberg which, speaking from first-hand information collected on the spot just after the war, I consider as one of the best accounts of that fateful event. "Dieu Protège le Tsar" may or may not be what Ruskin would have called great literature. But who cares for mere literature, great or small? Dumur's book may be charged with that audacity which in some cases is sheer veracity. It will remain one of the most telling documents which fiction has ever wrenched from history. An antidote to its sensational quality can be found in Boris Nolde's "L'Ancien Régime et la Révolution Russe" (Colin). Baron Nolde was professor of Law at the University of Petrograd and Government jurist. He drafted Grand Duke Michael's abdication. His manual is eminently clear, consequent, and yet alive, and in short, it is history, mere history.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The Reader's Guide

CONDUCTED BY MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

E. C. F., Philadelphia, tells me to add "Table Service and Decoration," by Lilian M. Gunn (Lippincott), to the list of books given to the reader who wishes to set a table properly and decorate it with taste. *John Farrar* tells me that Doubleday-Doran now publish "The Gypsy Trail," the very popular traveller's anthology formerly issued by Mitchell Kennerley. *E. O. James, Mills College, California,* goes out of his way to send me the titles of several books I may need to know about some day, to meet unusual demand.

G. S. B., Lincoln, Nebraska, and *R. E. S., Nahant, Mass., ask each for twenty books to be chosen for a club that circulates books of recent publication among its subscribers. I gather from the letters that in the choice "popularity" is to be considered less than merit.*

I MAKE this selection from the young mountain of recent literature that confronted me as I opened my study door, and through which I have been with mouse-like patience eating my way ever since. I tried to share this sweet duty—for moan the critics as they may, they do like to have the chance of reading all the new books as they come out—and so called in a solid citizen of standing and understanding, to look over all the books of adventure, Western yarns, and the like, and pass upon their reliability and charm. This effort was blocked, however, for the third book he reached was "Warpath and Cattle Trail," by Hubert E. Collins, introduced by Hamlin Garland (Morrow), and from this he could not be detached for the rest of the afternoon. What is worse, he could not be kept from reading it aloud to me, so that I have now much information about Indian sign language and ordeal-by-torture that I do not see how I am going to use in my business. He says it is the sort of thing about America that Trader Horn found about Africa, and this should recommend it to boys towheaded or grayheaded. There is, of course, another Trader Horn book too, "Harold the Webbed, or, The Young Vykings" (Simon & Schuster), but everyone knows about that.

The first rush of reading was lightened by having already met some of the books in London lately. "Lenin," for instance, by Valeriu Marcu (Macmillan), made a sober and satisfactory sensation there and was received with applause by responsible critics on solid periodicals. It is a nervous, implacable biography, in which personality is so interwoven with destiny it is hard to tell which makes the other. Many of the pictures are those group photographs of multitudes, anonymous and vaguely sinister, that form so striking a feature of Soviet propaganda: they lined the walls of their exhibit at the "Pressa" exhibition at Cologne, for instance. This book seems to me the most valuable to come to us so far from the Russian upheaval. The other Russian biography, "Dostoievsky," by J. Meier-Graefe (Harcourt, Brace), uses analytical criticism to get at the man through his work and present both to readers already familiar at least with his major novels. There must be Americans enough whose lives have been complicated by this experience to afford the book a large and grateful public in this country: beginners will find in it detailed analyses of several works, notably "The Idiot."

John A. Steuart's "Robert Louis Stevenson: a Critical Biography" (Little, Brown) is now in a new and cheaper two-volume edition: either the outlines of the first one are blurred in my memory, or I have lost the sense of shock, but certainly I cannot now see why anyone should be in the least outraged at this presentation of Stevenson. This may be, of course, because I have in the interval met Mr. Beecher through the medium of Mr. Hibben. The Vailima chapters of this work lead one to "Coming of Age in Samoa," by Margaret Mead (Morrow), a book likely to be somewhat handicapped for the perfectly respectable trade by the hurrah with which the new-moralists are receiving it. It is an admirably impartial and scientifically conducted study of social conditions in a community where life is as well adapted to its environment as it is in Italy under Mussolini, but I cannot see why we should take steps to help either system spread. Mr. George Dorsey says on the jacket, however, that he wonders if we shall ever be as sensible as the Samoans, and certainly our civilization seldom produces a smile so nearly bisecting a girl's head as the one displayed in the frontispiece.

Such a list as this will be expected to include Keyserling's "Europe" (Harcourt, Brace), and I wonder just what idea of the world over the water Americans will get who see it only through this book. If every now and again one meets keen and accurate results of reporting, these are side by side with such shallow and specious generalizations as quite to destroy the value as a "spiritual Baedeker" the book is supposed to have. Even the confidence of the author slips a trifle by the time he reaches Germany and admits that there are not *les allemands* but *des allemands*, while on his own ground he speaks with evident authority, but the result of his observations in any other country in which I have lived are continually being spoiled for me by this everlasting dogmatizing. Oh well, the Keyserling boom will go rolling on just as well without me.

I do not know how many of us have read Rachel Annand Taylor's "Aspects of the Italian Renaissance," but those who did were waiting for her "Leonardo the Florentine," just published by Harper in a fine great book of some six hundred pages, illustrated by Leonardo's own drawings in collotype. Here a personality unique in the world's history appears as part of a period unlike any other in the world's record. If the style seems often unwarrantably given to fine-writing, somehow the cumulative effect upon the reader is not unlike that of the floridity and exuberance of the period, and surely it is not ill-adapted to descriptions of rich and crowded life in the Milan of the Sforzas and the Florence of the Medici. This is a book for one who is capable of keeping up a long run of reading, for it is uncommonly hard to stop anywhere along its route.

There are several new American biographies, and one reprint in effect a new book, "Abe Lincoln Grows Up," with illustrations by James Daugherty (Harcourt, Brace). This is the first twenty-seven chapters of Carl Sandburg's "Abraham Lincoln: the Prairie Years," separately bound as being of special interest to younger readers, but there is no reason why it should not be prized at any age. I find next to it on my desk "The Lady of the Limberlost," by Jeannette Porter Meehan (Doubleday, Doran), which will interest the countless readers of Gene Stratton Porter, and anyone who has lived in Washington, pre-war or present, will like "My Studio-Window," by Marietta Minnegerode Andrews (Dutton), which is illustrated by any number of the author's spirited and satisfactory silhouettes: I never saw so much expression in black-face. This is a book of pleasant chatter about American celebrities: the author seems to have known everybody. "Houdini," by Harold Kellock (Harcourt, Brace), is a story of personal achievement: this man was more than a "magician." For one thing, he was one of the choir invisible providing an illusion of omniscience for this department: whenever I asked for expert advice on one of the sidelines of his literary interests there came back a personal letter none but he could have dictated, with just what I needed.

This list grows too long for one issue: I have but room to remind readers of informative works on present-day international problems that E. Alexander Powell's "Embattled Borders" (Century) one of the publications of the early summer, is a guide through the intricacies of Eastern European politics, from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, and if that seems remote from our affairs, all I can say is, Heaven send it stays so.

The novels on this list—which was supposed to include only a few outstanding works of fiction—will follow next week.

Colvette's latest novel, "La Naissance du Jour" (Paris: Flammarion), lays its scene among a colony of artists on a bay of the Mediterranean, and depicts with liveliness and skill the life of the group assembled there. Its plot revolves about the familiar theme of the struggle between the woman of mature charms and of charming youth for ascendancy.

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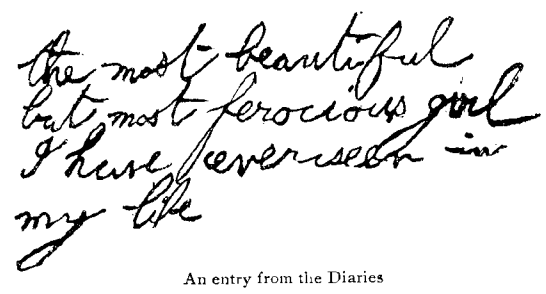

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from page 151*)

THE NEW GUN RUNNERS. By *Neil Gordon.* Harcourt, Brace. $2.

WHEN THEY LOVE. By *Maurice Baring.* Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.

PILLAR MOUNTAIN. By *Max Brand.* Dodd, Mead. $2.

ALIMONY. By *Faith Baldwin.* Dodd, Mead. $2.

THE YOUNGEST VENUS. By *Berta Ruck.* Dodd, Mead. $2.

REDWOOD AND GOLD. By *Jackson Gregory.* Dodd, Mead. $2.

THE UNRISEN DAWN. By *Anatole France.* Translated by *J. Lewis May.* Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

THE MAN FROM THE RIVER. By *G. D. H.* and *Margaret Cole.* Macmillan. $2.

A LANTERN IN HER HAND. By *Bess Streeter Aldrich.* Appleton. $2.

TALES BY WASHINGTON IRVING. Oxford University Press. 80 cents.

SPANISH SHORT STORIES OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. Revised translation by *J. B. Trend.* Oxford University Press. 80 cents.

THE COMING OF THE LORD. By *Sarah Gertrude Millin.* Liveright. $2.50.

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THE SHADOW OF RAVENSCLIFF. By *J. S. Fletcher.* Clode. $2 net.

GREEN WILLOW. By *Ethel Mannin.* Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

Miscellaneous

THE MAKING OF A MERCHANT. By JESSE RAINSFORD SPRAGUE. Morrow. 1928. $1.75.

All mature people remember still the old-fashioned dry-goods store. The story of Peter Sherwood, in this volume, tells in abundant practical detail just how one American merchant built a great modern department store from a beginning of that kind. This is a record of business that teaches one better than all inflated advertising just exactly what the honest expanding merchant means to the community. John Allen Murphy, business consultant, and former chain store owner, who writes the introduction, asserts what is quite true, that in "The Making of a Merchant" you can find "the changing tastes and habits of America through a period of forty years." He suspects that the book is largely autobiographical; Mr. Sprague was for many years a retail merchant. The story modestly appears as fiction, the story of a life, the history of a business. The reader who engages in other pursuits than that of merchandizing will find it no less interesting in detail than merchants themselves will find it. And they all should read it, both for its paralleling and its digression from their own experience.

FOREST FOLK LORE. By ALEXANDER PORTEOUS. Macmillan Company. 1928. $5.

This is the sort of book that gets less credit than it deserves, by being so much less interesting and important than it might have been. The intimate association of man in all countries with trees and forest life in general has never yet been subjected to that sort of informed inquiry which throws light not only on the lore of the forest, but on the evolution of social life and custom and ways of thinking. Alexander Porteous has here collected a vast, but not absolutely inclusive amount of folk lore—like most collections it is strongest in the field of middle Europe and feeblest in the American—and has arranged it pleasantly by topics, like specimens in a museum, without any special attempt to refer it to the frame of human living out of which it arose.

It is, indeed, rather a collection of references to forest lore in the world's literature—the world that centers in the Europe that we know best in books—than a collection out of the world's life. In this fashion he has produced a book which the curious will love to consult and the pedantic to refer to; a book which should be in every upper school library, and at the hand of every one to whom reference to such things are important. The bibliography which is incidental to the work is alone an important aid to scholarship in this direction. But the preponderant reference to fragmentary, overworked lore of the region which, from the Mediterranian north was formerly one vast continuous wood, and the comparative neglect of the places and tribes among whom forest life and tree magic are still to be studied as part of living social complexes, rather throws the whole subject out of focus.

The moment any sort of folk lore begins to lose its intimate touch with living practice, a process of selection begins in

(*Continued on page 159*)

"Give me a kiss," he begged ardently. Her head fell back and her blue eyes closed. She did not resist as he held her to him and pressed hot, fervent kisses on her lips.

Opening her eyes languidly, the girl gazed into those above. What she saw there was an expression whose meaning, penetrating the temporary confusion of her mind, was all too clear. She recognized that look. In a flash reaction came.

But Mornington would not release her. Too late his companion realized that she had met her master at the game she had played so long.

"Let me go home, please, I really do feel ill," she begged earnestly.

"Home?" he repeated incredulously. "Do you mean that you've only been playing with me? You're joking!"

With a sharp wrench she tore herself free and backed toward the door.

"I want to go home, Mr. Mornington. I did not expect this of you. No one has ever treated me so brutally in my life," she whimpered as Mornington caught her again in his arms.

"You talk of brutality after playing with me as you have done," he shouted, gazing passionately into her eyes. The girl cried in real earnest as his grip became stronger.

Mornington flung her violently back into a disordered heap on the divan and thrust himself down beside her.

"For God's sake, let me go!" she gasped.

But in spite of her struggles he pressed her closer and closer. Her resistance weakened.

Mornington uttered an oath but his words conveyed nothing to her. The air was rent by her piercing scream and a limp hand pointed before her. Fascinated by her fixed stare, Mornington turned to the direction in which she pointed. The dividing curtains of the rooms had been drawn slightly apart and through the gap gleamed a pair of flaming eyes. There was a flash of light—a pistol shot—and with his arms flung wildly above his head Mornington reeled backwards, then sank suddenly to the floor in an untidy heap—at the foot of a virtuous woman.

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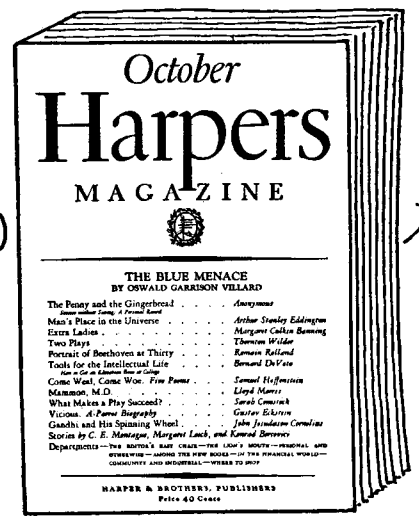
October
Harpers
MAGAZINE
THE BLUE MENACE
BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD
The Penny and the Gingerbread . . . . Anonymous
Man's Place in the Universe . . . . Arthur Stanley Eddington
Extra Ladies . . . . Margaret Culkin Banning
Two Plays . . . . Thornton Wilder
Portrait of Beethoven at Thirty . . . . Romain Rolland
Tools for the Intellectual Life . . . . Bernard DeVoto
Come Weal, Come Woe. Five Poems . . . . Samuel Hoffenstein
Mammon, M.D. . . . . Lloyd Morris
What Makes a Play Succeed? . . . . Sarah Comstock
Vicious. A Parrot Biography . . . . Gustav Eckstein
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Stories by C. E. Montague, Margaret Leech, and Konrad Bercovici
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their own thinking

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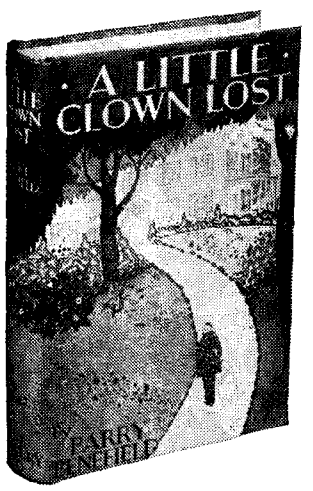

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Academic Degrees to Printers

THE conferring of academic degrees last June on two famous printers—Yale University's M.A. on Mr. Bruce Rogers, and Oxford University's D.Litt. on Mr. John Johnson, Printer to the University—produced a delightful difference between the "ways of Yale" (or any other American university) and the ways of Oxford. American colleges have for so long given degrees to men in all walks of life; for all sorts of services rendered and hoped for, that the conferring of a degree on a real "man of letters" is always welcome. But when the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford put to the House the proposal that the degree of D.Litt. should be conferred on various men long and intimately associated with the production of the "New English Dictionary," Dr. Farnell, Rector of Exeter, said that he felt bound with great reluctance to protest against the complimentary conferment of degrees on the officials of the University Press. He fully acknowledged the great services which they had contributed towards the completion of the English Dictionary and their own literary interests and attainments, but at the institution of the degrees of Doctor of Science and Letters it had been an agreed principle that they should only be conferred as the reward of highly distinguished work in research or literature. He was afraid that the present occasion might be used as a precedent and thought that it would have been better to express the gratitude of the University in some other way.

Dr. Farnell did not press his objection to a division and the proceedings were continued.

When one realizes that the whole business of conferring degrees originated amongst craftsmen, it is deliciously naïve to find a college professor questioning the propriety of a printer being selected for distinction!

Early American Houses

THE Walpole Society has published, in an edition of 175 copies, under the title of "Early American Houses," a lecture delivered at the opening of the American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art by Norman Morrison Isham, the well-known Rhode Island architect. It is a pleasant, well-designed octavo volume of sixty odd pages, with thirty-three full page half-tone plates, and a full topical index. Included in the text are many line drawings of building details from American houses and their English prototypes. The book is issued from the Wayside Press at Topsfield, Massachusetts, and is printed in Caslon type. The composition and press-work, although along conventional lines has been handled in a workmanlike fashion.

The purpose of Mr. Isham's lecture was to treat of the actual form of the American house as it developed in plan and construction as well as in exterior and interior treatment, during the seventeenth century along the whole Atlantic coast. Such a survey is of almost melancholy interest in a day when the very word "house" tends to fall into disuse—a domestic habitation is now always a "home"—and cement and asphalt and composition board and "mill trim" have taken the place of the older and simpler and better materials. If "every gentleman should be able to design his own house," such a handbook as this might point the way to more attractive building than now disgraces our countryside. There is something fitting about these seventeenth century buildings which there is not about bungalows and portable houses and pretentious "period" architecture. If our only recent "domestic" architecture of any merit is, as some contend, the better sort of filling stations along our highways, the reason is to be found in the brilliant common-sense which took our early colonial buildings for models.

It is to be regretted that so few will be able to possess this fine guide book. R.

The Limited Edition

ONE of the problems the collector of contemporary authors has at some time to face is that of the limited, signed edition as opposed to the ordinary trade edition—which, if he is conscientious, ought he to have? and does the lack of either one lessen the ultimate value of his collection? It may be, from the publishers' point of view, quite wrong, but there seems no valid reason for believing in the priority of issue of the limited, signed edition in general—printed as it is on large paper which involves an entire resetting of type, it makes necessary a special treatment that, without taking into consideration the length of time needed to obtain the required repetitions of the author's signature, delays the appearance of the book. Possibly, if publishers cared to be accurate, the difficulty might be solved by speaking of a first and second issue of the first edition, but even then, the signed volume would, because of its higher prices, be pushed to the position of prominence without regard for the time of its actual appearance. The trade edition is the form in which the book will be best known to its author and to its readers; and if, by first edition is understood the form of the book itself as it first comes to the hands of its author, nothing else need be considered. It is, after all, the nearest approach possible to the creator's written words. In one particular instance, a limited edition was brought out in this country at least three months after the cheaper trade one had appeared both here and in England: it was extra-illustrated and signed, but the author himself first met his work without the later, added glories. The properly limited edition, that is, a work issued in a definitely limited number of copies, and in no other form, is another matter: in such instances, the collector is helpless and without choice. But why it is essential to pay more than twice the prices charged for the regular edition in order to have Miss Cather's, Mr. Kipling's or Mr. de la Mare's signature in all the elegance of detachment on a leaf somewhere between the half-title and the title-page is beyond the limits of common sense: there is always an uncomfortable suspicion that the publishers are trying to catch the "lovers of fine books" who, because of the price they have paid, feel themselves excused from more intimate acquaintance with their possessions. In a world notable for complications, it is impossible to appreciate, even abstractly, the motives of those American publishers—the soil is almost entirely American—who have attempted fiendishly, in a day of widespread book-collecting, a modernized version of the *édition de luxe* of a simpler era when respectable private libraries went in for sets in uniform bindings, and book collectors were practically unknown. A signed copy of a book has always a certain value, but even more is added when the owner has obtained the signature himself by his own efforts. And for the present, certainly, no one need feel, unless he aims at absolute completeness, and tries to include every variant issue of his especial author, that his collection requires the signed editions that, at the same time, are published in the ordinary trade form—beauty in itself is a treasure, but in book-collecting it seems rather one of the non-essential virtues.

G. C. T.

Hot Weather Miscellany

THE latest addition to the English Replicas is Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," reproduced in fac-simile from one of the four existing copies, with certain pages in the original form, which is now in the King's Library in the British Museum.

METHUEN & Co. have issued Heine's **"Florentine Nights,"** Charles G. Leland's translation, in thin quarto form. The illustrations in color by Felix de Gray are nicely drawn and reproduced.

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DURING August and September, in the Pynson Printers Exhibition Room in the Times Annex, New York City, there has been an exhibition of Dürer reproductions.

ALBERT and Charles Boni's fall catalogue is better done than the usual catalogue, and just falls short of excellence. It has something of a book-catalogue look which is an accomplishment in such matters.

"OUT OF THE PAST," an essay by Llewelyn Powys, first printed in the *Atlantic Monthly*, has been very well printed by Gregg Anderson in an edition of twenty-five copies, and issued from the Grey Bow Press, Pasadena, California. R.

Announced for Publication

THIS BOOK-COLLECTING GAME. By *A. Edward Newton*. Large-paper edition, autographed, 950 copies for sale, two plates in color, $15. (Also a trade edition.)

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ANNALS OF THE NEW YORK STAGE. By *G. C. D. Odell*. Vols. III and IV. Columbia University Press.

The seventh and final number of *The Fleuron* is announced for publication before the end of the year.

The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

This department will appear next week. We reprint below the competition set for October 8.

Competition No. 43. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best short poem called "A Dog's Death." (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, office not later than the morning of October 8.)

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On a black-letter day four weeks ago, the morning's teeming mail tray, for the first time in history, did not contain a single order for *The Story of Philosophy*.

But the faith of *The Inner Sanctum* in "the wonder book of all time" did not waver.

Immediately following this zero day there began an unparalleled sales revival. A fortnight ago *The Inner Sanctum* published the figures up to Monday and Tuesday of that week, and as these lines are written on Friday morning, the sales chart shows the unprecedented "back-list" weekly total of 707 copies for *The Story of Philosophy*—the biggest week since January 29, 1928, and *larger than the previous month.* Perhaps the most gratifying aspect of this revival is the fact that it is not artificially stimulated by any exceptional advertising or promotion: the price of the book is still $5.00, and there are no special offers, premiums or other allurements. The first million readers were the hardest.

The present sales on THE STORY OF PHILOSOPHY, *published two and a half years ago, are now within hailing distance of the weekly totals for some of* THE INNER SANCTUM'S *widely advertised current best sellers which are available at $2.00 or $2.50. (We have made a pledge not to mention* BAMBI *and* SHOW GIRL *this week.)*

The Inner Sanctum has been checking up on the most fascinating women of history. Its own glamorous explorations have been aided by the scholarly researches of a noted German man of letters, FRANZ BLEI, who might be described as the Continental G. K. CHESTERTON—H. L. MENCKEN. The joint tabulation runs somewhat like this:

The Empress Theodora
Parisina Malatesta
Renée of France
Maria Felice Orsini
Saint Theresa
Sister Mariana
Ninon de Lenclos
Liselotte of the Palatine
Christina of Sweden
Louise de Warens
Madame Dubarry
La Camargo
Madame du Deffand
Madame de Geoffrin
Marie Antoinette
Therese de Stainville
Dorothea of Courland
Lady Hester Stanhope
Mrs. Cook
Lady Hamilton
Madame von Hanska
George Sand
Thérésa Lachmann
Mata Hari

To this alluring and anointed roster *The Inner Sanctum* adds:

Nina T—
Dixie Dugan

Of *The Friend of Jesus*, by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES, released today, CHRISTOPHER MORLEY writes to *The Inner Sanctum.*

For more than a dozen years now I've conducted a sporadic guerilla to get *The Friend of Jesus* published. I know nothing sadder than the fact that many readers will inevitably believe this beautiful book wantonly blasphemous and insulting. . . . The New Testament part, particularly, has the march and plan of a great tragic novel. It enormously enriches and humanizes our whole notion of the New Testament. I can honorably say that ever since I first read Bates' manuscript I have had a more energetic idea of Christ than before. I honor your good sense in taking so fine a thing.

Through a clerical blunder the reviews of *Professor Bernhardi* by ARTHUR SCHNITZLER appeared in sundry literary columns before the printed version of the play was available at the bookstores. Although the comments were decidedly favorable and extensive, the resulting clamor at the bookstores or at the Shipping Room adjoining *The Inner Sanctum* was nil. This instant lack of response is the most melancholy news which can be divulged this week by the Now-It-Can-Be-Told Department.

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By NORMAN MATSON

DAY OF FORTUNE

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WE might as well clear off about fifty books from our desk, that have been waiting for a month for us to look them over, while we were canoeing upon the Thames. . . .

Let's single out the most important. Some of them aren't as old as we have indicated, and most of them are—or were—advance copies. . . .

Of course there are a bunch of mystery stories. Here is the Crime Annual, stories of fact, of "The Dramatic Crimes of 1927," sent us with The Crime Club's Compliments. It is a study in contemporary mystery and detection written by *Milton Mackaye.* Here is a mystery story of the South Seas today, also from Doubleday, Doran, written by *Charles Collins* and *Gene Markey,* and called "The Dark Island." From Dutton, with a red band around it on which is printed "Dutton's Mystery for September," comes "The Swinging Shutter," by *C. Fraser-Simson,* who wrote "Footsteps in the Night." From Dutton also comes "The Patriot," by *A. E.* and *H. C. Walter,* and from Dodd, Mead, *John Rhode*'s "The Tragedy at the Unicorn," which looks to us like the best bet among these four works of fiction. Oh, Macaulay supplies still another, *Le Queux's* "The Crime Code." . . .

Now let's see about the regular novels. Here is "The Babyons," by *Clemence Dane,* in four attractive small volumes boxed, the chronicle of an English family, from Doubleday, Doran. We feel that we ought to read that. And we certainly ought to read Part I of "The Childermass" by *Wyndham Lewis,* from Covici, Friede. *Louis Bromfield's* "The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg" (Stokes) ought to be worth our rapid perusal. So ought *T. S. Stribling's* "Bright Metal" (Doubleday, Doran) and *Maurice Baring's* 'When They Love," from the same firm. But most of all we expect to enjoy that voluminous publishing house's "When the Turtles Sing and Other Unusual Tales" by *Don Marquis.* . . .

When it was first published *Rebecca West* wrote of *Mary Webb's* "Gone to Earth," "The year's discovery has been Mary Webb," and, as you know, the Premier of England became so fascinated by her "Precious Bane" that there has since been an insistent demand for her other books. We know one eminent American writer who was thrilled by a quite independent discovery of "Precious Bane," and so we feel that, without reading it, we can recommend "Gone to Earth" to you. Rebecca West thought at one time that its author was to be the most distinguished writer of our generation. "Gone to Earth" is published by Dutton. . . .

If you wish to sample more modernist fiction of fine quality, here is "A Voyage to Pagany" by the poet, *William Carlos Williams.* It records the sensitive reactions of an intelligent American to the static culture of present-day Europe. This is vigorous analysis. The Macaulay Company are the publishers. They also bring out "My First Two Thousand Years," by *George Sylvester Viereck* and *Paul Eldridge,* a bulky book that is called "the first autobiography of the Wandering Jew." "The philosophic conception of reincarnation and the Freudian theme of repetition compulsion are the *leitmotif.*" This is a book about which we are curious. . . . .

One of *Dorothy Van Doren's* now several novels we read and liked. Here is her third, "Brother and Brother," from Doubleday, Doran. The remaining novels that we find before us are "Samson," by *Robert Collyer Washburn* (J. H. Sears & Co.) of which we have heard some good things; "The Quarry Wood," by *Nan Shepherd* (Dutton); "Rising Wind," by *Virginia Moore* the poet, a first novel from Dutton; "The Bride's Progress," by *Harold Weston* (Morrow) and "The Hinge of Heaven," by *Stephen Cockell* (Morrow); "The Lady of Stainless Rainment," by *Mathilde Eiker* (Doubleday, Doran), "Wild Deuces," by *Robert E. Larkin* (Macaulay), "How to Get Rid of a Woman," by *Edward Anthony* (Bobbs-Merrill), "Where the Loon Calls," by *Harry Sinclair Drago* (Macaulay), and "Scarlet Heels," by *Edith M. Stern* (Horace Liveright).

Two works embodying fragmentary writing, are *Pierre Louys's* "Psyche," with a conclusion and notes by *Claude Farrère* and illustrations by *Majeska,* a book beautifully presented by Covici, Friede, and "The Book of Catherine Wells," by *H. G. Wells,* with Wells's long introduction concerning his late wife and a collection of her short prose pieces and her poems. The latter is the analysis of an unusual character and a lovely one; the book is a moving memorial. . . .

In the field of biography, "My Friend Robespierre" is from the Macaulay Company, written by *Henri Beraud* and translated by *Slater Brown.* Henri Beraud, they say, is a sort of Parisian *Christopher Morley.* He is one of the most popular columnists in the world of French letters. . . .

The best book of poetry in this clutter is, by far, *Genevieve Taggard's* "Travelling Standing Still" (Knopf), an excellent selection made by herself of her best poetic work of ten years. There is also *Edmund Blunden's* "Retreat," a new volume from Doubleday, Doran, by the winner of the Hawthornden Prize in 1922.

And just at this point, *Elizabeth Madox Robert's* new book, "Jingling in the Wind" (Viking Press), is slithered over our desk. It looks very different, to dip into, from "The Time of Man," which we will always greatly admire. But maybe it is just as good in its own way. . . .

Since we got back the only books we have read through are "John Brown's Body," concerning which, owing to our nearness to the author, we are really prevented from saying anything, and *Robert Nathan's* "The Bishop's Wife." As usual Robert Nathan has written a delightful book, though it seems to us far too short. Some of his observations are delicious. In Juliet he has given us a real child. He is as truly observant of very small children as is Tarkington of older ones. He sees them in all their angelic savagery, with their inordinate appetite for admiration. We could always go back and read about five-year-old Juliet and her little boy friends with deep enjoyment. Julia also seems to us quite a real woman. Nathan states clearly and simply and writes with extraordinary economy of words. Sometimes it seems as though he were only giving a skeleton outline, and yet how much he indicates! . . .

"Stirabout," by *David McCord,* will be out in October. It is a collection of sketches and essays, light and middleweight, on books, travel, and of humorous dialogues. Washburn and Thomas of Cambridge are publishing it. The writing of David McCord, as the judicious know, has no inconsiderable charm. . . .

From Ninth Street we took the Hudson Tube a few nights ago to Hoboken. We were in Hoboken in no time at all. We walked several blocks to the Rialto Theatre, and witnessed one of the earliest performances there of "The Barker," presented, as their opening gun, by the new managers of the Rialto, *Christopher Morley, Harry Wagstaff Gribble, Cleon Throckmorton,* and *Conrad Milliken.* We thoroughly enjoyed our evening and got home as quickly as we should have from Times Square. By the time you read this their second week, featuring "What Anne Brought Home," will have closed. Every few weeks a new play, for the first time on any stage, will be presented. The old theatre is redolent of the best melodrama of the past. We wish the managers every success. We think they are doing not only a fine but highly practical thing in the program they have laid out for themselves. They got together a good cast for "The Barker," some of the parts were played as well as they ever were on Broadway. And the theatre is so easy to reach, a picturesque excursion that takes you out of the rut of theatre-going and sits you down to a well-acted performance for an absurdly low price! We're all for the revived Rialto and its managers. . . .

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The New Books

Miscellaneous

(*Continued from page* 154)

which the preferred items are preserved for their curious and unusual values, for their power of startling and exciting, rather than for any other service they may once have performed. Mr. Porteous seems not unaware of these lost values, but in almost every case his reference is to the husk now in circulation rather than to the idea which gave it currency. To the sort of collector who would rather have the broken shards picked up on ancient sites than to know what was the original shape and use of the vessel which they once constituted, the book of Forest Folk Lore will give undoubted pleasure.

THE INQUIRING MIND. By ZECHARIAH CHAFEE, JR. Harcourt, Brace. 1928. $2.50.

Professor Chafee continues the subject of freedom of speech in terms of recent illustrations of its presumptive violation. The cases that come to trial naturally furnish the concrete material. They involve many issues. How far freedom of speech is to be nationally interpreted and what remains for the States to determine. Much of this reflects the acuteness of opinion brought out in the World War when the charge of treason again became a living issue. The use of the mails and the suppression of newspaper opinion all raise delicate legal questions. It may extend to institutions, such as The Rand School, for propagating radical views. The industrial aspect appears in the I. W. W. injunction and the trial of Syndicalism. This passes over to the issues of action in behalf of labor and always the menace of the strike, and the province of injunctions. Professor Chafee realizes that issues brought to trial are profoundly affected by principles that emerge from less agitated reflection. He traces the further development of the principles of freedom from the days of Mill to Woodrow Wilson, and he has much of value to say in regard to the training of the liberal mind. His sympathies are all for open inquiry, conducted in the spirit of tolerance and responsibility. The volume affords an able survey of a problem viewed under the joint guidance of theory and practice.

PROFITS IN INSURANCE STOCKS. By *W. H. Woodward.* Macmillan. $1.50.

BLOCK-CUTTING AND PRINT-MAKING BY HAND. By *Margaret Dobson.* Pitman. $3.75.

THE EVOLUTION OF INDUSTRIAL ORGANIZATION. By *B. F. Shields.* Pitman. $3.

THE MARINE INSURANCE OF GOODS. By *Frederick W. S. Poole.* Pitman. $4.50.

Philosophy

THE CAVE MAN'S LEGACY. By E HANBURY HANKIN. Dutton. 1928.

Mr. Hankin, who has written a book on Common Sense, giving it a rather uncommon interpretation, discourses in similarly engaging, but hap-hazard manner on the survival of the caveman within us. The mixture of science and discursive explanation is palatable, but not convincing. Presumably Mr. Hankin in his major thesis isn't wide of the mark; but his reconstruction of the course of humanizing the human race is more than a bit speculative.

He begins by tracing some of our behavior, like kissing and other gestures, to a Simian ancestry, but argues that primitive man, probably in a degenerate stage of his early human career, developed the instincts that survive to our undoing. Such anthropological data as the blood avenger, making necessary the biblical places of refuge, the low regard for human life, the cruelty to the stranger, head hunting and blood feuds, infanticide and cannibalism, human sacrifice and slavery by capture, show the human brute in full swing exchanging murder as a habit only for murder as a ceremony. The same blood-thirstiness and cave-man morality survives in the joy of the old time hangings, and the excesses of the French Revolution and the Commune.

The waning of the cave-man is a slow process. With the hatred confined to the stranger, the friends or tribesmen banded together and specifically for the protection of property. So the enemy and the thief received the brunt of cave-man emotions; and gradually the control of convention, the respect for leadership and property paved the way for the reign of morality, never too securely established because of the powerful hold of ancient instincts.

The little volume is not a notable nor a well supported exposition of a thesis that is in the main acceptable, however speculative the setting in which it is here dramatized. It is a casual essay in the evolution of morality and the survival of immorality.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF PERSONALITY. By ENGLISH BAGBY. Holt. 1928. $2.50.

This is a useful book in modest compass covering an important field. The hackneyed comment that it will fill a need is in this instance more than a reviewer's handy phrase. The term "personality defificit" is used by Mr. S. D. House to covet those deviations from normal adjustment which are here brought together as common emotional disorders. They have been called minor disqualifications by certain psychiatrists. They occupy the stage of functional nervous disorders as the Freudians set it. Professor Bagby's approach is that of the clinical psychologist. It is documented throughout by case studies with an emphasis on treatment. So between the covers are assembled interpretations of the ills that mind is heir to, not in the seriously devastating forms of the major mental disorders, but in episodes and conditions of handicap met with in the borderland of the abnormal.

Professor Bagby's position is that of a temperate Freudian. The Freudian mechanisms furnish the clue to diagnosis and treatment. Yet he accepts some of the findings of the behaviorists, showing that the two approaches are not as incompatible as some behaviorists maintain. The central cause of maladjustment is placed in the fear complex and its development, the inferiority complex. The withdrawals, retreats into illness, repressions, obsessions, fantasies, hysterical symptoms, and other disabilities are the troublesome reactions; the clue to their removal is the substitution of attitudes and activities that will support the personality in asserting itself and dominantly in the social relation. That is the outline of the thesis which becomes vitalized when stated in a variety of personal histories.

The chief criticism will raise the issue of a one-sided approach. For hysterical cases the analysis runs smoothly enough; but when cases of catatonic negativism and refusal of food and self-imposed silence are "explained" as inferiority reactions, a doubt arises. Doubtless the Freudian pattern is here applicable, but only as a complication and an outlet. Psychiatrists are not yet ready to yield so large a section of their specialty to the consulting psychologist, not to admit that the psychological clue offers a complete explanation of mental disorder. On this point the lay reader may gather a false impression. But as a recommendable handbook the volume will find a welcome.

"American Foreign Policy"

(*See page* 145)

American Foreign Policy has been the subject of such acrimonious debate, both here and abroad, with such violently contradictory changes, that this cautious but important article by one of the ablest of our international experts and advisors will be welcomed by readers willing to clear their minds of prejudice. Professor Borchard is neither pro-League nor anti-Europe—an unusual position—and the fundamental radicalism of his ideas for the future independent states is tempered by a shrewd grasp upon contemporary realities. He is professor of International Law in the Yale Law School, and was chairman of what proved to be the most interesting Conference at The Williamstown Institute of Politics, this summer.

We append a brief bibliography bearing upon the subject matter of his article.

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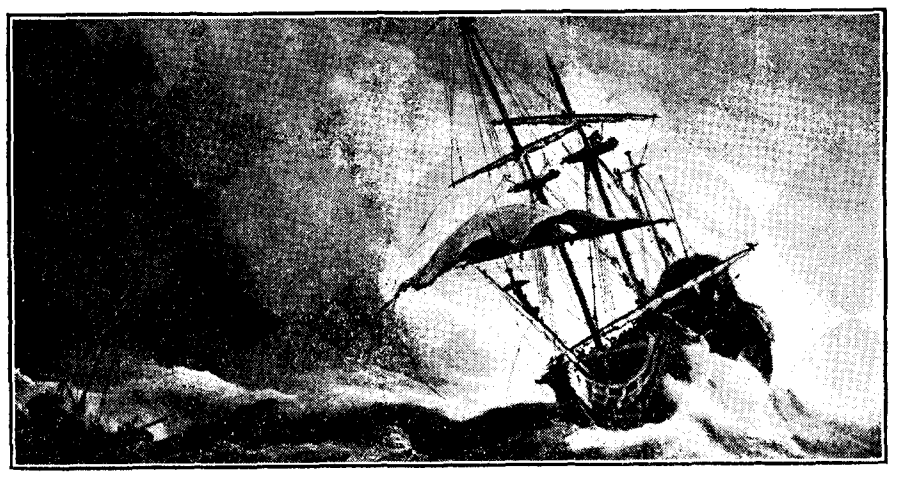

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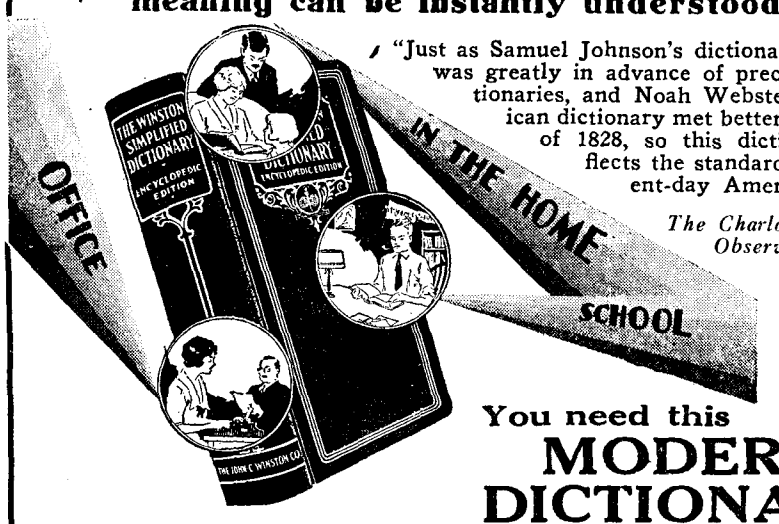

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